# The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston and Chicago

August 5, 1922


## Life's Common Things

The things of every day are all so sweet —
The morning meadows wet with dew;
The dance of daisies in the noon; the blue
Of far-off hills where twilight shadows lie;
The night, with all its tender mystery of sound
And silence, and God's starry sky!
Oh, life — the whole life — is far too fleet.
The things of every day are all too sweet.
The common things of life are all so dear —
The waking in the warm half-gloom
To find again the old familiar room;
The scents and sighs and sounds that never tire;
The homely work, the plans, the lilt of baby's laugh;
The crackle of the open fire;
The waiting, then the footsteps coming near;
The opening door, your handclasp — and your kiss —
Is Heaven not, after all, the Now and Here?
The common things of life are all so dear.

*Alice E. Allen*

**Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow**

# The Universalist Leader

**Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).**

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—*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

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# Mιγμα

What the honest missionary tells the orientals, they have to take on faith; what the moving picture shows them, they accept as witnessed with their own eyes. (*Boston Herald.*)

υ λ

Professor Shenton, who teaches sociology at Columbia University, laid down the thesis that "no sociologist has a program for social betterment that is not more adequately stated in the gospel of Jesus Christ." Is not this another way of saying that the subjects of social and industrial life are all essentially religious and spiritual, and that there is no such thing as an "economic man?" (*Unity.*)

υ λ

In Rome the slaves were called slaves and lived like slaves; in the modern industrial world the worker is not called a slave but an appallingly large percentage of him lives on a salary which is below the minimum subsistence level, and as a result his wife and his children and himself are slaves to the miserable business of keeping alive. (*The Nation.*)

υ λ

The good Samaritan, it will be remembered, did not ask whether the man who fell among thieves was a good man or a bad man, or whether he had been guilty of contributory negligence. So the Quakers, in shifting the energies of the American Friends' Service Committee from the starving victims of war in Europe to the starving victims of industrial warfare in the coalfields of the United States, do not take sides, or ask questions. They simply say that "no civil or industrial warfare should ever be allowed to progress to a point where the lives of little children are at stake." (*Literary Digest.*)

υ λ

India is naked and we burn English cloth. She is starving and we refuse the machine which makes one hundred blades of grass grow where one grew before. We can take the best of Western culture and leave behind the haste, the greed, and the other things which destroy the spirit. In that way we can fit ourselves to give our best things of the spirit to the West. (*Tagore.*)

υ λ

The silent parade of thousands of negroes bearing banners inscribed, "Congress Discusses Constitutionality While the Smoke of Burning Bodies Darkens the Heavens," and "We Are Fifteen Years Old; One of Our Age Was Toasted Alive," may not affect lawmakers, but it will impress foreigners with the singular genius of our civilization. (*Brooklyn Eagle.*)

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THE
# Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 104th Year | New Series | Vol. XXV No. 31

**ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH**

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

## Editorial

It is no time to think of war when the peach trees are in bloom.

* *

Write your hates upon the water; carve your loves upon the rock.

* *

Behold, how a little tack in the road may turn the joy ride into a funeral procession!

* *

A genial manner and a smiling face may make even mediocre merchandise move with agility.

* *

Do not give too much attention to your retreating troubles lest they turn back and overwhelm you.

* *

There is something the matter with your day when you can not sleep because you have taken it to bed with you.

* *

Who is there who will capture and tame that awful monster which depopulates our churches—the Summer Hegira?

* *

Lots of people who believe in owning their own home are perfectly willing to camp out in other people's churches.

* *

Any kind of preaching will do for the deaf, but remember the average congregation has good ears, sometimes long ones.

* *

Alas for those who go to church for bargains in righteousness, and expect to pay through the contribution box but bargain prices!

* *

The messenger boy was cool and calm and solemn as he brought the telegram to our door, but he perspired freely as he returned *via* the candy shop route.

* *

My son, do not blur or dazzle your eyes with the doings and non-doings of the community, so you fail to recognize the failings of the individuals of which you are one!

* *

That far-away look in the eyes of the minister and those erratic steps and that general absent-mindedness, does not mean that he has reached the age of senility, but simply that he is learning to play golf.

Verily, the steam laundry which reveals its satanic nature in removing the buttons from the poor man's shirt is redeemed from everlasting punishment by the Christian maid in the office who sews them on again and charges the proprietor with over-time!

* *

When the lady of our house told us as we came down to breakfast that there was serious break in China, we remarked, what is that to us, China is a long, long ways off! But when she added that the big shelf in our pantry had fallen and we did not have sufficient china to set the breakfast table, we 'rose up in our masculine right and demanded the head of the carpenter and builder!

* *

### Doing One Thing at a Time

There are very few people equal to doing more than one thing at a time! We have noted a minister whose front door was open to all inviters, and he flew from appointment to appointment, impatient only with those connected with his own business. He said he was making a place for himself in the community, but the community came to look upon him as the errand boy for use and not for respect. That minister had talent; he needed to center it upon one thing and the road to success was open before him. This is a time for the open mind, for the broad view. No interest to-day lives by and unto itself. Everything is relative, but the man who does not concentrate, who does not specialize while he co-operates, will have nothing with which to co-operate. And so it is with churches, with our Church. We venture to say that there are more interests represented in our Church than appears in any one organization in America, so it has come almost to the state where he who is interested in and working for the Universalist Church is looked upon as something of a freak, at least a back number! Now the Universalist Church is big enough to include every interest of human welfare, but it can not do everything all the time, and there must be a good strong working church before it can do anything. The first thing to do is to mobilize and equip our forces. And that does not mean that we are narrowing our vision and curtailing our field of service, but it does mean that we are to mind our own business and use our common sense so that when we would make our contribution to human service, we shall have something to contribute.

**The Growing Bible**

In this day, when the reaction towards the old doctrine of the inerrancy of the old Scriptures is noisy, if not profound, it is interesting to note that the fiftieth anniversary of the First Meeting of the American Revision Committee is to be observed, and particularly interesting to note that the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church is leading in the movement. We are wondering what that eminent lay Presbyterian, Mr. William J. Bryan, will think if his church pulls the fundamentals from under his feet! But the recognition of this anniversary is significant. It is the recognition of the fact that the Bible is a living and growing thing. The Bible of to-day is not the same as the Bible of fifty years ago; not the same as that of two hundred, or five hundred years ago. And yet it is. The same elemental truths are there but have passed through innumerable translations and interpretations to keep in touch with growing mankind. It would be a strange thing if, after all these years, the influence of the Bible had not changed men, lifted them to a higher level, and still more strange if the Bible had not kept pace with them. Fundamental truths are fundamental, but living and adaptable. The new Bible, which comes along in its time, does nor supplant the old, but clarifies and enriches and makes practical, bringing it to the people it is designed to serve in the language they can understand. That was a great step taken fifty years ago, but there are other great steps yet to be taken when, as a result of Bible influence, man is ready to take them.

* *

## SOME THINGS OF WHICH WE MUST NOT LOSE SIGHT

ON one occasion the leaders of the Jews, when they noted a multitude following Jesus, cried out that the whole world had gone out after him. As a matter of fact the world was sparcely represented in the crowd, and many of the crowd were drawn by the crowd and not through any intelligent appreciation of the personality about which it centered.

We must of necessity discount the phrase, all the world. A good many of our common phrases need discounting. It is so easy to say millions of dollars or millions of men and it means just about as much as "the whole world!" The congregation of "thousands" will always almost count in hundreds. Things look big when we want them to look big, and the more mystery connected with them, the bigger they get. When there is no way of checking up, when we do not and can not know, it is safe to say we know a lot, even of that which is not so!

Just now we are hearing much of the hundreds of millions of people of India who are following the new and illumined prophet, Gandhi, and as we read his message, which is elementally Christian and comes like a ray of sunshine into a shadowed age, we must all be glad. But we need to keep our mental balance. There are those who are quick to run after any new thing, and if the thing is big enough they are quick to cut the old ties, and ride on it into quick publicity. Very few of us have a working sense of proportion.

We must not lose sight of the fact that even if there are hundreds of millions following Gandhi they are not all in home-spun and without shoes, and there are more millions, and yet more millions, of the Islamic Faith, who, it is hoped, will get something of the spirit of the new Prophet, but who just now appear to be struggling to possess some of the material goods and glories of the world by the use of material methods. If we were to think of the whole Islamic world rising in revolt, material revolt, the rest of the world would have need to prepare for some other world than this! Therefore the injection into, or development from, Islamism, of this wholesome, restraining and inspiring faith of Gandhi, is hopeful.

The Indians hold that Gandhi is but the flowering of the faith they have long possessed, and as we read him in this country we find not one thing that is not the flowering of Christianity, unless it may be the trifling matter of uniform which is determined not by religion, but by climatic conditions.

The logic of Christianity leads to the peace and brotherhood which is the thought of Gandhi, as it was centuries ago the thought of Jesus. To this thought the Christian world has been slowly, so slowly, growing, but it is on the way, and it is going to be hastened by the challenge of this Indian leader.

But we must keep in mind the fact that this transformation of our world is not going to be done for us, but by us. When a lot of sentimentalists wanting a substitute for "God," lift their awe-stricken minds to "Mahatma," the result is going to be no more life-giving than when Emerson invented the term "over-soul" and thousands of little men worked it and over-worked it for the glory it shed upon them.

We have in the Gospel of Christ the principles of world peace and human brotherhood, and in the Christian Church the instrumentality for realizing this greatest promise of God.

* *

## RIGHT THINKING AND JUDGING

CHARLES WAGNER says: "Live in that which should be and you will transform that which is." "As a man thinketh so is he," and as he thinks his world is, so is his world. It is therefore a reckless, thoughtless person who has no better reason for thinking as he does than Shakespeare's character whom he makes to say:

> "I have no other but a woman's reason:
> I think him so because I think him so."

These were the kind of people whom Jesus found ready to stone a poor friendless woman who they had made up their minds was deserving of death. They could give no good reason for thinking so. In fact when Jesus said, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," they changed their minds. Fortunate is the man whose right thinking enables him to see in everything a good purpose or a good possibility, who may say with Walt Whitman: "In the faces of men and women I see God." Any one who is always thinking ill of other people will consciously or unconsciously work toward the end which he thinks is coming. He will interpret every act and word of theirs in view of the kind of persons *he has decided in his mind* they are. How important therefore that he should have thoughts that are in their favor, lest he do them an irretrievable wrong, nay, lest he do

himself and the whole world wrong, for having thought otherwise. How much better that he should be, as Paul Price said in one Folder Preachment, "as lenient with the worst in others as he would if it were the best they could find in himself."

One thing is certain: if we *fill* our minds with good thoughts about others there will be no room for an unkind one. There is one thing which Jesus always seemed to remember which people to-day often forget, and that is that we can not expect everybody to be perfect, and we must not expect that they will fulfil our pet notion of what perfection is. It would be a nice thing if others could be just as perfect as we think they ought to be. But as a matter of fact, we are not that ourselves. We are always expecting God to change the rest of the world. As a matter of fact His first task is to change us. Perhaps we are not accountable entirely for what life has made of us, but we are accountable for what we make of life. "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." What Dean Howells said is true of a good many people: "If we like a man's dream we call him a reformer; if we don't like it we call him a crank." And Paul Price once said in another instance: "We know so little about the hearts of men, so little about the inner life of the soul, so little of what goes on inside a man, that it becomes us poorly to have any opinion of him that does not give him the best of the bargain." Anyway our first task is to look into our own hearts and see what is there.

* * *

## A CASE OF CHEER UP

THERE came into the office of the editor one who dwelt in the high places of the Spirit, but who came forth to spend much of his time in ministering to those in the low places of mankind. And he was sad; his usually exuberant nature was shadowed; the optimist was pessimistic.

We said unto him, "Tell us all about it, get it out of your system." And he replied:

"I am discouraged; in the language of the vain world I am getting cold feet! When all the religious conditions are not only favorable, but commanding to the Universalist Church, here are a lot of our ministers turning tail and running for safety; big ministers and little ministers are plunging into business, or farming, or stock selling, or some of the professions, or trying out some other church where the pasture seems a little greener, if not better! And then the strangest part of it is that, having taken the step, they practically prove all their former preaching was false, by neglecting all religious and church duties, using Sunday to post up their books, or to clean their automobile, or in some secluded spot to practise a few golf shots! Men of real power in the pulpit, but who have lost their nerve, who have lost all sense of life-proportion and drop down in the ruts of life to grind along to nothing! Now, I am discouraged as I see these large men deserting, and note our pastorless churches and the weakness of some of the pastors who remain. What does it all mean? What are we as a Church coming to?"

To this plaint, we replied: "Cheer up, Brother, the case may not be as serious as it seems. The very action of these ministers with the pusillanimous backbone and the heart of the jelly fish, shows that they were not worthy of the high calling of Jesus Christ. Yes, we know the pitiful plea they have put up; we have all been through it and whined the same whine, and when we hear them crying that they must have more money or they will starve, we say, go to it and starve — that may be the best thing you can offer to the world! There are many things worse than starvation, and desertion of a great cause is one of them.

"But perhaps the most pitiful thing is to see one of these big, strong ministers with a wobbly heart who thinks he sees a better job in some other communion, yet realizes that by himself he is not worth a picayune. He goes to the other church and offers a tribute in the form of a church which was never his, but was built out of the life-blood of the fathers and mothers of another generation. Like the Kaiser, he does all this 'for the world's good!' He thinks himself a 'liberal' and he *is* liberal—with other people's property.

"Now Brother, be of good courage. This is an age of eruptive feelings in religion as well as politics. Change appears to be the law of the hour. Any place is better than the one we are in; any faith better than the one we hold; leadership means the one who makes the most noise, and gathers the biggest crowd. There will come a period of common sense before many years, in which those who are worth while return unto their common sense and know that 'man shall not live by bread alone.' In these times of stress men are not thinking sanely; they follow after strange gods. It is a time of rank mental, as well as financial, speculation, and there are foisted on the world many strange beliefs, and the world runs after them, including a good many ministers. There is confusion worse confounded. But amidst it all stands clearly defined the elemental principles of Universalism unshaken, the only power which can save the world from its own foolishness. And Universalism will do it; if not in our hands, then in the hands of those more worthy.

"Brother, do not worry; this Cause is God's Cause, not yours or ours, and He will carry it through in spite of the slackers and money seekers. God does not have to hurry, and it may be that He is waiting confidently for these spiritual prodigals to return to the Father's house after they have had their fill of husks! We are discouraged a bit sometimes when we see a man who has one talent, instead of using it and making something of it and of himself, rushing out howling for a chance to use the ten talents he never had.

"But our faith never grows dim amid personal or church disappointments, for we know the Truth of God is certain to prevail. And when our brethren run after automobiles and glad raiment and high places in the political eye, and demand larger and larger salaries, we recall the one great Leader of us all who had not where to lay his head, and realize that no really great Cause is dependent on these things.

"Go home, Brother, to your little field, hard and sterile though it may be, and remember that these noisy deserters, who feel that they must justify themselves in some way, are only a few; that there is with you in the great campaign for truth a large number of those who are loyal and faithful unto the victory which from the very beginning was prophesied."

# Our Young People's Christian Union Convention

**As Seen by the Associate Editor of the Leader**

IT was a jaded, bleary, weary eyed lot of young people who assembled in the First Universalist Church to-night for the final mass meeting of the Convention once called "national," now called "general," "universal," "international," and various other things.

They had had a veritable orgy of meetings. Even Vincent Tomlinson was near the "saturation point."

I never pitied a speaker more than I did Joseph M. Tilden, president of Lombard College, who had the task of making the final address. But he didn't need any pity. With a chart of key words—"vision," "sincerity," "determination," "service," "adaptation," "consecration," "judgment," "energy," "enthusiasm" and with delightful humor, he interested everybody, young and old. We actually forgot the hot sticky air, the rain falling outside, the fatigue of the week. It was good work.

"The young people have been doing it themselves," Dr. Tomlinson declared over and over again. "In the old days a little group made up of strong elder statesmen like Nash and Perin sat in the background and decided everything. Now that is all past."

Five hundred people have registered for the Y. P. C. U. Convention; 375 came from outside Worcester; There were 187 Senior delegates and seven Junior delegates. They subscribed about four thousand dollars at the convention for their work. Seventeen states were represented, one delegate coming from California and several from Canada. Mr. Taylor of Chicago, the president, Mr. Manning of Boston, National Director, and the board have earned congratulations upon the success of a Convention which strikes threatened with failure. The Worcester local committee have done a job as near 100 per cent perfect as I personally ever have seen.

As always, the tide of interest ebbed and flowed all the week. Nor was it flood tide for everybody always at the same time, but generally the moving things moved everybody and in weary hours we all were weary.

This last day the crest of the wave was at the Consecration meeting when representatives of every section pledged loyalty, and when finally Fred Leining introduced Clifford and Margaret Stetson and Bernice Kent, who sail for the Japanese Mission field in August. Said Stetson: "You must not call it 'sacrifice.' Call it 'loyalty,' if you will. Call it 'consecration,' I hope it is that; call it 'duty,' call it 'love,' but don't call it 'sacrifice.' There is no sacrifice when a man does what he wants to do more than anything else in the world. There is nobody dependent upon us in a financial way. Our loved ones are young enough so that they will be here when we come back and if they are not, we can love them just the same. That is the important thing. There is sadness for us in saying 'good-by,' but the note of this meeting should be the note of 'joy.'"

Another big wave lifted us when Dean Ellenwood explained why Weston Cate, who tried to speak a farewell word to Stetson had broken down. He was not only the dear friend of Mr. Stetson, he was the son of the late Rev. Wallace I. Cate, who stuck at his post too long for his physical life and who died coming home. The young people realized then for the first time why the projected boys' home in Japan will be called the Perin-Cate Home.

One young man at this service dedicated his life to the Christian ministry, and several young men and young women to other forms of Christian service.

The Rev. John E. Price of Cincinnati in his occasional sermon declared with force and eloquence: "Jesus preached the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. Paul preached the Crucified Christ. We must preach the living Christ. The test of religion is usefulness. It must be adapted to the longings and needs of common men."

Just as Joseph Fort Newton was kept waiting from 7.30 p. m. until after 9 p. m. to speak, so this great occasional service of the Convention ran on for over an hour before John Price had a chance to deliver his message. Even a choir as high-priced and really high grade as that of the First Universalist Church of Worcester ought not to sing four or five times at such a service.

If this service seemed perhaps a bit too long, it may be because it stood in contrast with a communion service of Christlike simplicity and power which preceded it, led by Dr. Tomlinson, assisted by the Rev. Helene Ulrich of New York. Never were the simple historic expressions of the old Saxon Bible used with more power. Dr. Tomlinson is a master of speech but also a master at leaving out and letting great things speak for themselves.

Was there ever such a banquet as that of Saturday night? Youth speaks in superlatives. We must discount Convention narratives. And yet I, weary with banquets, convinced that most of them should be suppressed by statute, must affirm that never was there such a bubbling, happy, scintillating, quick-action, good-feeling banquet as that when three hundred young people sat down in the beautiful hall of the Hotel Bancroft. The hotel itself served only three or four courses, but they were good ones. Every state yell, state song, college song, city and district motto or affirmation, was worked at top speed. Orchestra and waiters were in the spirit. Service went on "through holes in the lines." The orchestra on demand gave everything from "Maryland, My Maryland" to "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Best of all, the speeches were models of what banquet speeches should be. There can't be many toastmasters like Harry Adams Hersey. They have to be born. He kept the thing going. It was high grade rollicking fun which never groveled in the dirt, both wit and humor and shafts of sense and eloquence which struck home.

Reamon, a former football star of St. Lawrence, vice-president of the Union, assistant to Dr. Shutter in Minneapolis, quoted with great power the advice the St. Lawrence coach gave before games: "Get in there and give them all you have got." "Here you

young people are," he said, "brimming full of the good things of this Convention. Strike the line hard when you get home. Give them all you've got."

The main speaker of the banquet was Dr. John Smith Lowe, and he was short, interesting, funny, serious, effective. He can do more kinds of things well than I have realized.

For details of business sessions, I must refer you to the columns of *Onward*. There was a striking resolution against war which called on all the young people societies of all the Churches to unite and end war. There was another resolution on industrial warfare which was unusually full of the spirit of Christ and which called for the submission of pending controversies "to an impartial tribunal in which all parties shall be represented."

And the work of the Committee on Resolutions under Roger Marble and the Committee on Recommendations under Ellsworth Reamon was highly creditable.

There was a little too much hammering away on the subject of money, but the young people themselves were doing it so nobody was hurt. They just had to have it and went after it frankly and unashamed. Besides, these boys and girls gave and pledged out of pittances in many cases in a way which made one's eyes grow moist.

Ernest C. Jones of West Somerville, Mass., was made president on the basis of a great record he made as state president in Massachusetts; the Rev. Ellsworth Reamon of Minneapolis, vice-president, Louis Merlin of Brooklyn, secretary-treasurer, and Marion Griffith of Minneapolis and Grace Nash of Cincinnati, daughter of Arthur Nash, member of the Executive Board.

Muncie, Indiana, was chosen as the place of meeting in July, 1924.

An important resolution was brought in, emphasizing the fact that if the Y. P. C. U. is to gain any ground, it must be through the Sunday school, and that therefore they had a responsibility for keeping the Sunday school work of the denomination at a high degree of efficiency. "The Sunday schools feed the Union," declared Carl Hempel, "and the Union for its very existence must take on some responsibility for the Sunday school."

A fine young fellow named Robert M. Rice of Akron, Ohio, who is going into our ministry and who is a nephew of the Rev. Roger F. Etz, led a sunrise prayer meeting Saturday morning on Newton Hill, overlooking Worcester. A hundred people got up and climbed up. They were lifted up by the meeting.

In addition to what I wrote last week, there remain the events of Friday to chronicle. Of the Clara Barton pilgrimage I have written in another column.

A delightful close to this day was the address of Rev. F. M. Eliot, pastor of the Unitarian Church of St. Paul, Minn., son of the Rev. Christopher Eliot of Boston, a Harvard man, former assistant to Dr. Crothers and former chaplain overseas in the war. He spoke on "Training for Leadership in a Democracy."

"A characteristic of this age," he said, "is that we are willing to see things as they are. Only a stupid soul does not see the world in a desperate condition to-day. Men of faith are those who see this but see hope in youth. One thing is sure about the younger generation. They are going to have a try at it. They are going to attempt to make this world a decent place to live in.

"They must prepare for this leadership of the world. It must be self training. You can train a dog, but a man has to train himself to be a leader. The discipline to which he submits must be self imposed. The best teachers of the world, the best helpers of the world, can not do it for you. They can only help. The bucket theory of education is ended. Your minds are not buckets to be filled by a teacher. The best teacher can only show you the pump. True leadership must have three things: First, more knowledge. The man who becomes the leader is the man who knows. In the Argonne, the rumor spread among our troops that the Germans had a new gas and that our gas masks were useless. There was danger of a panic. Men began to throw away their masks. They believed it. The commanding General instantly sent a chemist up to investigate. He reported that it was the same old gas and that the masks were safe. The man who led there was the chemist. He knew.

"Get knowledge by asking questions. Never let any one persuade you into not asking questions. Insist on an answer. If no answer is available, keep that unanswered question in your mind until you get an answer. That is the way to knowledge, to truth, to power.

"The second essential to leadership is moral backbone. When a distinguished Senator explained to old Father Taylor that he had had to vote as he had because there was so much outside pressure, the old man replied, 'Where were your inside braces?'

"The third essential to leadership is a great passion for service. It has been a privilege to live in an age when a great war was fought to discover the multitudes of young and men and women ready to die for an ideal. They have said by the thousand: 'I will give up all my life that is ahead of me, all its hopes, all its thrills, for an ideal.'

"This principle of service is a part of the fundamental structure of the universe. Willingness to die for a friend is a fact. Without that principle, leadership is impossible. People who are supreme examples, tell us that in obedience to that principle there is their greatest joy.

Lowe, Price, Tilden, Leining, Ellenwood, Manning, Newton, Kearns, Hersey, Baner, Miss Markley, and Miss Ulrich among the ministers, and the leaders and speakers at the devotional meetings and in the debates Miss Fennessey, Miss Barnard, Miss Freeman, Miss Cushing and Mr. Foote were driving home these great principles in one form or another all the week.

What Eliot asserted, I believe to be true: "I can see," said he, "no difference between Unitarian young people and Universalist young people. If you could see them as I shall see them on Starr Island next week, you would find that they are young people you would like to play with and work with. I believe that the day is long overdue for Universalists and Unitarians to get together."

*J. V. S.*

*Worcester, Mass., July 23.*

# The Papers of John Pererin

## XLV The Quadrilateral of Life

"The things that are not shaken." Heb. 13 : 27.

THE Epistle to the Hebrews was written to a people who stood in the shadow of a great calamity. The undertones of the letter are compounded of the tramp of armies and the crack o' doom. The Roman hosts were closing about the Holy City; and it was only a matter of time when the walls of Jerusalem would be razed to the ground and the last vestige of the Jewish state would be obliterated. And to Jews all over the world, it seemed like the end of the world. It is indeed true that the Jews to whom this letter was addressed were Christians and the political misfortunes of Jerusalem did not directly affect them. But the Holy City was still the center of their world—the focus of their universe. It symbolized the inherited environment of their minds; it was the king-pin which held together the framework of life. It was their metropolis around which sentiment and devotion, patriotism and history had gathered, the native setting of their national and religious faith. Throughout their wide dispersion, their hearts cherished the remembrance of Jerusalem, whether they were still Jews or Christians. The coming fall of Jerusalem looked like the last setting of the sun.

And this letter was written to comfort them, to brace them for the inevitable hour. And the burden of the comfort is this: After all, Jerusalem was only the foreshadowing; you possess the reality. Mount Zion was but a type, a symbol; you have found the thing itself. The Holy City may be destroyed; but you are standing within the City of the Living God. The old Jerusalem in all its glory was but the sign and promise of the New Jerusalem where your citizenship now is. It is sad to see the old walls tumbling down and the city desolate; but it is sharing the lot of all temporal things. But your feet are planted in the eternal. And all this was foretold long ago. When the prophet said, "Yet once more will I make to tremble not the earth only but also the heaven," he was speaking of this thing that is about to happen. But you are not involved in this tragedy; for we have "received a Kingdom which can not be shaken."

I remember speaking to a friend, a man of deep, quiet mind, in the early days of August, 1914, and he said to me: "You and I will never live to see the end of this;" and I imagine that he was right. What happened in Jerusalem in 70 A. D. was a mere storm in a teacup compared to what happened in Europe between 1914 and 1919; and there are few of us now living—none probably save the very young—who will outlive the reverberations of that terrific upheaval. The President of the United States has spoken more than once of a return to normalcy; but if his standard of the normal is the world before August 1914, he is dreaming the emptiest of dreams. To that world we can never go back, for what has happened in the interval can never be undone. And the upheaval was so radical and widespread that we shall need to settle down to the expectation that, for the rest of our lives, we shall have to spend our time in a world in a state of flux. As the years go on, the pace will relent; for the last few years we have been living in a sort of cataract, and we have yet a long time to spend in the rapids before we come to a kindlier stream. We shall spend our days in a restless, uneasy world.

And if you tell me that that is the view of pessimism, my only answer is that it is the judgment of historical realism. The mills of God grind slowly. When on that fateful day in Jerusalem the Jews chose Barabbas rather than Jesus, they were sealing the fate of their nation, as Jesus had foreseen. But it took forty years for that decision to work out to its grim conclusion, and the Jews are paying the price of it still. And no one who studies the course of history in the large is ignorant of the long range at which the great upheavals work. After the sack of Rome, the world was in confusion for four wild centuries. And it is useless to deceive ourselves into supposing that a new world is waiting for us round the next corner. There is an inveterate, apocalyptic kink in our minds which tempts us to look for the sunrise after every turn. We supposed that the Irish agreement last December meant peace in Ireland; but you can not wipe out centuries of bitterness and rancor overnight; and we know now that Irish peace means hard work and patience for many a long year. A few months ago and eyes were fastened on Genoa; to-day, with less confidence, they are turned toward the Hague. It took only a few days to turn the life of the world upside down and to drench the earth with blood; but it will need as many centuries to set the world up solidly on its feet once more.

And I would say that if our peace and happiness rested upon the stability of external things, we would be in for a very miserable time. If the joy of life were contingent upon governments, markets, and other institutions, we should be in a very bad and hopeless way. But thank God, it does not. There are those things, as this unknown letter-writer says, "which are not shaken." And the peace and joy of life depend upon these unchanging things—the things that stand when the earthquake is over, the great permanences of life. I want to turn your minds to these things to-day. Amid the ebb and flow, the assaults and alarms, the chances and changes of our life in this uprooted world, there are certain fixed points, certain immutabilities upon which your minds can rest. And of these there are four concerning which I desire to speak; and these four I propose to state in words that carry an authority which man could not possess.

*Till Heaven and earth pass away, not one jot or tittle of the law will pass till all be fulfilled.* By which, I understand Jesus to mean that that body of principles that have to do with the determination of right and wrong—what we sometimes call the moral order—has a permanent and unchanging validity. In Jesus' day the moral order was embodied in an institution called the Law; but for the Law as an institution Jesus had no great concern. In fact, he likened it to an old wine-skin that was cracking and bursting under the stress of a new life. But the profound difference be-

tween Right and Wrong which is written deep into the substance of life and which becomes clearer from age to age in its definition—this was to Jesus one of the permanent and unshifting facts of life. Now we know that in conduct there is a distinction to be drawn between the essential and the accidental, between the central and the marginal. There is an area of life in which the difference between right and wrong is contingent and relative, that is to say, some things may be right here and now, and may be wrong under other circumstances. But there is a central area in which the difference between right and wrong is absolute and fixed. And there is a corresponding distinction of absolute right and absolute wrong in our own minds—that fact which we call conscience. The first secret of peace is to respect this distinction and to order our lives on the right side of it. This is the first cornerstone of the house of life; and the only foundation on which it can stand. The builders of old Rome said they were building for eternity, a rash claim for men to make whose masonry was of perishable stone. Yet their masonry has stood the wars and storms of centuries surprisingly well. But their political masonry was not so good; and only that which stood on a foundation of right has stood the gales of history. So it must ever be—build the house of life, the lesser house of the soul and that larger house of society, on a basis of acknowledged Right and the house will stand; but build it on any compromise with evil, build it with any shoddy of party intrigue or wirepulling, graft or oppression, and your house will come tumbling down upon your head in ruin.

For Right is Right, since God is God,
And Right the day must win.

And only the Right; and you may hitch your wagon to that star as the surest, the most abundantly and precisely verified fact in the history of the race.

*II. Heaven and earth may pass away, but my words shall never pass away.* By which I think that Jesus meant at bottom that Truth was another of the great immutabilities. Not that any particular body of truth is permanent or final. If he had lived to-day Jesus would put the matter in this way: that there is a distinction to be made between the truth and men's perception of the truth. Jesus would not agree with some of us who suppose that the truth we hold is the perfect and final truth. I imagine that he would have thought that kind of thing rather ridiculous. What he did mean was that there is a truth of life; and that, as this truth is continually and increasingly revealed to men, it remains a permanent possession, and a touchstone and a criterion of all further revelation. Which at bottom brings you to this—that this is a world in which the truth is going to win out and nothing else. And that is why we can always afford to let opinion be freely expressed and discussed. When I see a bigot or an intolerant man, I know that I am looking at a man who loves the truth without believing in it. Unless of course it be that he is afraid of it and does not want it to come out into the daylight. And you may be sure that any view, however you may dislike it, that has elements of truth in it is going to win out, however you may try to suppress it. And if it has no elements of truth in it, it will die of itself and you need not trouble yourself about it. But you have to remember that this is a growing world, and that you are going to be confronted with new ideas all the way. Some of them will be true and some will be untrue, and our common danger is that, in trying to resist the untrue, we should miss some new revelation of the truth without which we can not live. We shall destroy the wheat with the tares, and, as Jesus said, the thing to do with them is to leave both alone until harvest time, and then they will sort themselves out without much difficulty. The untrue will of itself wither, the true will thrive and abide. You can not build a permanent house of life if you are either afraid of or afraid for the truth. The one thing that we have to fasten on and hold on to with both hands is that the truth can look after itself, and that it will always win out in the end. The only trouble is that we men are such fools that it so often has to win out in our teeth, and that we invite so much tribulation for ourselves by trying to defend it from itself.

*III. Now abide faith, hope, charity, these three, and the greatest of these is love.* You will remember that the connection in which these words were written was this: Paul is speaking of the special gifts of knowledge and utterance that had been given to the early Church, but there had been some controversy about them. And Paul takes the point up and shows them these things were only temporary and provisional, and the thing that would still remain after these had disappeared would be *character*. It is true that the things that Paul was discussing have only a faint antiquarian interest for us. The gift of tongues does not excite us, but Paul's point is all the same quite valid. For when you or I come to appraise a man's prosperity, or to conceive the end of a nation, do we not invariably think of them in terms of goods that are perishable? Do not we think of personal good in terms of money, of national good in terms of power, prestige, and commercial expansion—the most utterly perishable things on God's earth? Paul may say that tongues will cease and knowledge may pass away, but with more assurance than Paul we may say that money will perish, that power will fade away, and commercial expansion will some day be only a tale that is told. And so with more certainty than Paul we may draw the same moral: *There remain faith, hope, love, these three*—that is, the one permanent human endowment, the one imperishable human achievement, is character.

*IV. Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom that can not be shaken.* Observe that we have discovered three of the immutablities—Right, Truth, Character; and here we have a fourth which is perhaps less easy to define. But it obviously refers to some inward inalienable gift of a spiritual kind that was not going to be affected by the catastrophe that was about to overtake Jerusalem. The word *kingdom* here is a little misleading and plainly can not be meant in the ordinary sense. *Kingship*, rather than kingdom, expresses the writer's meaning. We are kings—yet since we are all kings, not exercising authority over others, but over ourselves. It means that we have won our own souls, that we have found ourselves, that we have staked out of the great terrain of life a little empire which is our own souls—separate, distinct, self-realized. Now

I am not concerned with how this is done—my only word on that point is that this seems to me to be the natural consequence of that great decisive surrender to God for which the Christian Gospel calls. It is that saying of life which is the prize of losing it. It is the achievement, the conquest of personality—the power to say *I, I* live, the finding and the realizing of one's own true selfhood.

Now this is a greater matter than I can discuss at this point, but, as I move about among men, I observe this above all other things, that they have not found, do not know and possess themselves. Yet of all possessions, the one durable, inalienable and indestructible possession is one's own soul. And every man is a pauper until he has achieved his own personality, he is the prey of every fear, and a mere item in the herd. But when he has found himself, when he has espied that pearl of great price, the immeasurable treasure of his own soul, he stands on his own feet, unafraid and unashamed. It matters not what storms may break, what clouds may gather, what wars and rumors of wars may beat upon him, what tumults and shoutings may make the day hideous, he stands, sure, confident, unmoved in the unassailable security of his own regal, unconquerable soul.

Right, Truth, Character, Personality—these four things can not be shaken. They make the great quadrilateral of life, the four cornerstones of the house of life, the four gospels of the Christ that is to be. And to do right, to follow after truth, to achieve character, to win personality—he that doeth these things shall never be moved.

# Vacation Reading

**Professor Daniel Evans**

THE other day I was on the piazza of a summer hotel and found there a man whom I meet only in the summer, when we are both on on a vacation. He was reading a book to while away the time. I am very much interested in reading. It is my work and hobby, all in one, for all the seasons of the year, and I bless the higher powers for this lot in life, and I have a warm feeling in my heart for the old Jewish rabbis who thought that God was so interested in the Law of Moses that He read therein daily for His delectation. Even that book was interesting to an intelligent reader! But this friend of mine (not Jehovah) was reading a book that had no depth, nor height, nor breadth—just surface; it had no profound meaning, just a tale that is told, signifying nothing. It had no worth that would bring him back to it a second time. It was, as a bright woman has just remarked, like a tin spoon that goes with the box of ice-cream we buy on the train, which is to be thrown away after using. Now this reader is typical of many other humans. They take no thought about their reading; they wait on chance to pick up a book; they do not go off on their vacation as well provided to meet the wants of their minds as they do to meet the wants of their bodies. My neighbor came off without his golf shoes the other day; he was greatly distressed, and lost a couple of days' sport. He at once got into connection with his home by long distance telephone and had his shoes sent him by special delivery. What was a vacation without his golf shoes? Why, it was like heaven without a crown on one's head and a harp in one's hands: nothing to play with.

I would, therefore, like to share my joyous experience and little wisdom with my friends, laymen and ministers, who are just about to go off on their vacation. I always provide myself with enough good books so that if I am wrecked and marooned on an island, or find a worse fate in getting stalled in some summer hotel or farm which is far from being up to the specifications of the advertisement, and the rain falls and the flood pours and there is no Noah to build an ark in which to circumnavigate the environs, I can then open my books, bid defiance to fate, and prove myself masters of my environment by entering into the countries of the mind.

I have always taken with me some novels, the time for reading which I can not manage during the winter. I note the best of the year, not necessarily nor generally the best sellers, and some of the great novels of an older generation of writers, I gather them throughout the winter; I look longingly upon them through the months and wish for the summer to come that I may read them. I am to go on great adventures of the mind in going off on vacation. What experiences I have recently had in reading Dostoivesky's "Crime and Punishment," Hardy's "Jude the Obscure," Maugham's "Trembling of a Leaf," Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine," Cather's "The Song of the Lark," Conrad's "Chance," and there are more to follow.

And I like to take some essayists with me. They are good reading for the more thoughtful hours, for the more meditative short periods of the day. I have read with much interest and profit Lytton Strachey's "Books and Characters," Smith's "Trivia," Bliss' "The Amateur Spirit," Lucas' "Mixed Vintages" (you need not be afraid of the prohibition officer finding this book in your possession), Martin's "Wayside Wisdom," "The Peace of Mind," author anonymous, Grayson's "Adventures in Contentment."

Since I go to the country for my vacation, I must have books that open my eyes and ears and mind to the wonders of all-out-of-doors, and put me *en rapport* therewith and make me love "this goodly frame of earth." I am grateful for new insights of mind and heart which I owe to Thoreau's "Summer" and his "Walden," Van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck," Gilbert White's "Selbourne," Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia," Torrey's "Nature's Invitation," Burroughs' "The Breath of Life," Hale's "The New Heavens."

I can not think of spending a summer without reading poetry. To do this would be to miss some of the greatest experiences of life. I can easily understand how my golf friend forgot his golf shoes, but I would think my mind was failing me or my heart was being hardened and calloused by the experiences of winter, if I did not take some of the poets with me. So we should have our Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning close at hand, and Emerson, and some of our newer poets, Frost and Robinson, within reach.

There are moods when only poetry can find and satisfy us, and we have the leisure which poetry like philosophy requires for its proper appreciation.

This reference to leisure which philosophy and poetry require reminds me that the difficulty during the winter is to get the uninterrupted hours and even days to tackle some big book on philosophy. I begin on such a book, but the daily task breaks in upon me, and I must drop it, and after hours or days take it up again, but in the meantime I have lost the thread of the argument, and then I conclude it is best to put the book aside for summer reading. Then when the rainy day comes there's a book awaiting which requires the girding up of the loins of the mind. I am glad for rainy days. I know it is good for our garden and for our minds. I hope we shall have rainy days enough this summer so that I may read Pratt's "Religious Consciousness," Ellwood's "The Reconstruction of Religion," Windelbaum's "Introduction to Philosophy," Lord Haldane's "The Reign of Relativity," Sorley's "Moral Values and the Idea of God."

I am not over pious. I love and follow the injunction of the wise man of the scripture: "Be not righteous overmuch." I am, however, much better than the minister who went off on his vacation and, as he reached the edge of the Maine woods said, "Good-by to religion for six weeks." I find that while it is much harder to go to church when I am off on vacation, it is not at all hard to be religious, indeed, it is much easier to be religious. There's more leisure for it, there's more incitement to it, and there's also more satisfaction in it. I love to find a quiet place, out in the open beneath some shady tree or on some mountain top, and muse on holy things, or read some classic of the soul with which I provide myself for Sunday reading, not the reading by snatches now and again and snippets here and there, but continuously and consecutively. Sundays are great days for me. I know at times what it is to be in the spirit on the Lord's Day. I have been taken there by the Bible, Augustine's "Confessions," Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," "The German Theology," Traherne's "Century of Meditations," Pascal's "Thought," Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Newman's "Sermons," "The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford."

*Friends, come on in—the reading's fine!*

# Out in the Big World

## VII The Old Barton Farm

**John van Schaick, Jr.**

A FAVORITE place for an excursion during the Worcester Convention was the village of Oxford some ten miles away on the direct road to New London, and the old Barton farm up in the hills near by.

At an expenditure of $15,000, the Woman's National Missionary Association of the Universalist Church have bought the farm of ninety acres, restored the farmhouse, and generally improved the place.

Mrs. Wilkins, former national president, with her committee, has relaid walls, put on good roofs, rebuilt old chimneys and fireplaces, painted and papered, and made the farmhouse a little gem of the period to which it belongs. Now she has plans for the big barn and, when she gets the money, desires to turn it into a summer outings place for needy girls. If the development plans go on, eventually a working girls' home or some similar institution may be put on the high hill, which commands an inspiring view of Worcester to the north, of Webster to the south, and of a good part of that old Worcester County which became so famous in the Civil War.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Etz are custodians of the property, and give that touch of Universalist hospitality which means so much to strangers from afar.

A striking contribution to the meeting held here July 21 by the Y. P. C. U. was made by Dr. Vincent E. Tomlinson. It has not been published in any biography or sketch so far as I know.

Said he: "Before Clara Barton died and while she was living in the big house which she took as a summer home in the village of Oxford, we held a meeting of the Worcester Association of Universalists, comprising some eight or ten churches, in the old Universalist meeting-house in Oxford, one and half miles below where you turned to come up here.

"That church built in 1792, you may know, is the oldest structure of our faith standing, and the society is the second oldest. The first Universalist General Convention was held there in 1784. Hosea Ballou was ordained at that time to the ministry.

"Into this old church Clara Barton came to attend our meeting. She was not on the program but during the progress of the meeting she got up and paid a beautiful tribute to our faith. I remember accurately what she said: 'This old church is very dear to me. Here my childhood and youth were spent. Year after year, Sunday after Sunday, in childhood, I attended this church. Inspiration for my life work I received here. I remember very clearly the message from this pulpit of the Universal Fatherhood and the Universal Brotherhood. Another thing which makes it very dear to me is that I remember coming often with my mother to scrub these floors and these walls. It is in the faith of this old church that I have done my work all my life.' "

Another real contribution was made by Harry Adams Hersey. Said he: "In most accounts of Clara Barton people forget to speak of the 'American Amendment.' She not only got the United States to go into the International Red Cross by ratifying the Geneva Convention, but she got the other nations of the world to amend that Convention. Before her Amendment Red Cross work was limited to war. She insisted that all this great machinery should be used also for disaster relief—in famine, fire, flood, earthquake, pestilence, or other great calamity. She has changed the character of Red Cross Work throughout the world."

To tell the average man or woman that Clara Barton crossed the pontoon bridge at Fredericksburg under the hottest of the fire of that terrible day, to

help the surgeons at their work, arouses his interest. To tell him that she put through the American Amendment to the Geneva Convention may pass without notice. And yet the latter was an important contribution to world progress. It has had a direct influence in saving thousands of lives. It showed breadth and vision.

Miss Dorothy Gibbs of Fitchburg led the meeting and put all of her genuine earnestness and ability into it. She gave a sketch of the life of Clara Barton, to the great interest of the hundreds seated in the yard of the farmhouse, and pointed out that Clara Barton was born on Christmas Day and died on Good Friday.

As one looks at the little Oxford farmhouse and then thinks of Clara Barton in London, in Paris, in Berlin, in Constantinople—received by Emperors and Empresses abroad, planning work with Presidents and Cabinet ministers at home—one realizes again the possibilities of dramatic change in the lives of American citizens.

As Roger Etz pointed out, it was in just such a remote farmhouse that Daniel Webster was born.

In an even humbler place, Lincoln first saw the light of day.

These and countless others may have been born in houses as humble as those of peasants abroad, but they were not born peasants. From the beginning there was about them the atmosphere of achievement. The thought of their communities was that they could climb up in the world and ought to climb. Duty to them was not service as menials. It was service as freemen.

To appreciate the Clara Barton Memorial at its best one should go there if possible with two or three people instead of a crowd, with time to walk quietly up the hill, down by the pond, or along the beautiful country road. If it is a rainy day, one can sit quietly inside and read the Barton book. But if it is a day such as I had, with great fleecy clouds sailing across a heaven of deepest blue, with no shadows but cloud shadows hovering over distant hills and all the rest of the world in sunshine, one can do anything.

We dined with the Etz family out under the big trees—with song sparrows and chewinks and orioles singing for us just over our heads. There one could appreciate the beauty of the thought which would like to share this perfection of country life with those who have no chance to get it.

Whether that can be worked out here or not, whether now is the time to begin or not, what form such a project ought to take, is for the Board of the Woman's Missionary Association to decide.

Just now they want to clean up the debt on the property and everybody who can ought to help them do this quickly.

It is too bad that any of our people are worried about the events of the last few years of Clara Barton's life.

Many spoke to me at the Y. P. C. U. meeting about it. There are some who love heroes and heroines so devotedly that they can not bear to think of any faults or mistakes. To say that George Washington had a hot temper, or swore at times, or had huge land speculations, is little short of blasphemy. To say that Lincoln was hard hit in several youthful love affairs is, to such people, unnecessary and undignified. To admit everything true about Daniel Webster seems lacking in patriotism.

In the long run truth is the only thing that counts. Even in the shorter run of this little day we have, there is something in the follies and sins and sorrows and mistakes of great and noble characters which brings them very close to us.

When she was an old lady Clara Barton had to be forced out the management of the Red Cross because things were getting beyond her; accounts were mixed up, some weak, some designing, some foolish people had taken advantage of her; she herself had made mistakes. And yet at that time they offered her the position of honorary president for life.

So unless we demand perfection there is nothing to worry about. And there was strength and sweetness and breadth and devotion enough in Clara Barton's character, with achievement enough in her life, to make her name live in the history of her country.

# English Correspondence

IF England has not yet become the site of the New Jerusalem, according to William Blake's ideal, it is not for the lack of concerted efforts to that end. The latest, and one of the most promising, organizations of this kind is the National Movement towards a Christian Order of Industry and Commerce. It bears a cumbrous title, but it is hard to see how anything simpler or shorter could have been devised in view of its declared aim, which is "to rally men and women of good-will engaged in the administration of industry, commerce, and the professions, for the application of Christian principles to industrial, commercial, and professional life." It is obvious that, in spite of the multiplicity of societies previously existing, this new one fills a distinct gap. Many of the most active movements for social reform are not distinctively Christian. Many that are Christian are limited to a particular religious denomination. And there is none of any type which concentrates on the specific phase of the social problem which the C. O. I. C. has taken for its concern.

The awakening of a Christian conscience within the business world of the present day is one of the most notable signs of the times. But this conscience, in the best men, finds itself perplexed and sorely in need of guidance and instruction. Some persons argue, it is true, that the difficulty lies not in the discovery of the right way but in the resolution to walk in it, and that if religious conviction were deep and sincere all social questions would automatically settle themselves. In a rudimentary state of civilization this might have been so, but not in the modern world, where the processes of mere buying and selling, to say nothing of manufacturing, present such endless complications and raise intricate problems of conduct at almost every stage. Good intentions will not suffice to chart the Christian route in the business realm any more than in any other.

It was this sense of the need for enlightenment

that brought together, towards the end of 1919, a small group of English business men at a conference in London to consider what might be done to ascertain more clearly, and then to express as definitely as might be possible, the relation of Christianity to industry and commerce. This led to other meetings on a larger scale, at which a provisional statement of principles was discussed and revised. The movement has now developed into a full-blown organization, with an office and a small secretariat. The chairman of council is Sydney W. Pascall, a member of a well-known firm of chocolate and candy manufacturers—a sort of English Huyler. The treasurer is Sir R. V. Vassar-Smith, the head of Lloyds Bank. The list of members of the council is widely representative of British industry, from book publishing to sausage making and from dry goods to wire manufacture. A small proportion of seats on this body has been allotted to the professional class, in the persons especially of Lord Robert Cecil and Ernest Barker, the principal of King's College.

At the outset there arose a question whether organized labor should be invited to join in the movement. It was maintained by some that if the movement were to be truly Christian it must recognize no class distinctions. It was necessary to get an all-round view of the industrial problem, and how could an all-round view be obtained unless the workers were brought in? The force of this contention was admitted, but the opinion prevailed that in the long run more satisfactory progress would be made by starting, at any rate, with employers only. It was felt that business men would be better able to attempt some useful co-operation with the workers when they had first clarified their own minds. The creation of a mixed body, too, would be likely to "put off" some business men who might be inclined to listen to propaganda from their own side, and it would not really help the movement in labor circles to bring in a few trade unionists whose willingness to associate with employers in such an enterprise might lead to their being regarded by their fellow-workers as "tame" men. The decision to limit membership of the society to the employing class has not prevented its leaders from conferring privately with working-class representatives, and the constitution provides definitely for co-operation, when occasion arises, with men and women of good-will in the ranks of labor.

The statement of policy, as finally adopted, emphasises the fact that the movement is neither sectional nor denominational and is not tied to any party or group, but insists that Christian principles must be applied to the proposals of all parties and every group. Its first object is to stimulate a healthy and instructed public opinion on the subject of the application of such principles to all forms of industrial, commercial and professional life. It will encourage experiments to this end in specific industrial and commercial undertakings. It will press for the investigation, from the standpoint of Christian ethics, of (*a*) proposed reforms in industry, (*b*) alleged existing evils, and (*c*) projected enterprises, in order to discover, if possible, whether they conform to, or fall short of, the Christian standard, and to take such action thereon as may seem possible or advisable. And it will encourage the study of all economic questions from the standpoint of Christian ethics and ideals, as, for example, (*a*) the sanctions of property, interest, and wages, (*b*) competition and individual enterprise, (*c*) the function and control of industry, (*d*) unemployment, (*e*) the obligation of the individual in industry, (*f*) personal liberty and state responsibility, and (*g*) the problem of speculation. The methods of propaganda will be those usual with such societies—meetings, lectures, pamphlets, and the like—with the special feature of a central inquiry and information bureau to collect, review and distribute information on industrial and commercial experiments of interest and to prepare, advise upon, and recommend plans and schemes for the introduction of Christian principles into modern business.

At an early stage of the movement it was seen that it would be impracticable to attempt to construct a detailed and specific program. The society was composed of persons of many shades of opinion, from supporters of individualistic theories to declared socialists. It was therefore out of the question to draft anything corresponding to the "platform" of an American party convention. What all the members of the society could agree upon was the direction in which they should move rather than the exact destination they purposed to reach. At the same time the society has found it possible to formulate a general statement of what Christian principles demand in industry and commerce, though no member is committed to a dogmatic adhesion to everything contained in it.

A study of these "demands" will reveal how far they go in advance of any economic doctrine that would have been endorsed by Christian business men a generation or two ago. It is set down first of all that "the governing motive and regulative principle of all industry and commerce should be service of the community." This evidently cuts at the root of the popular notion that the making of a fortune is an adequate motive for a business career. "The receipt of an income," the manifesto continues, "lays on the individual the duty of rendering service in accordance with his capacity. Every person should perform the best possible work." A foot-note adds the significant reminder that if you make service a moral obligation you must place everyone in a position to render service. The third point, that "the receipt of an income from industry should carry with it a responsibility for the conditions and purpose of an industry," touches very closely the moral duty of share-holders who derive dividends from business concerns with whose actual administration they are not personally brought into immediate contact. It has been realized more and more of late years that an income of this kind carries with it a moral liability far beyond the limited financial liability which it bears under the corporation laws.

A paragraph respecting competition has been most carefully worded. "Any competition," it declares, "should be subordinated to the service of the community." This avoids any pronouncement on the thorny question of whether competition is necessary, but lays down the conditions for it if and where it is found. Next, "industry should create and develop human fellowship, and any practises calculated to destroy such fellowship are immoral." This sounds harmless enough, but an attempt to bring it into effect would cause a pretty considerable disturbance in the business world. The demand which follows is equally

far-reaching. "The value of all natural resources and of every privilege which owes its worth to the labor of all or to the necessities of all should be held and utilized for the benefit of all." This principle would call for drastic changes in the English land laws and in the privileges enjoyed by the owners of mineral deposits.

The final paragraph of this statement strikes directly at the unchristian conception of the relation of capital and labor from which spring so many of our industrial troubles. It runs: "Every individual man and woman is of intrinsic worth, and human labor can not be regarded as a commodity. Therefore, every industry should be organized to provide: (1) As a first charge, an income sufficient to maintain, in reasonable comfort, all engaged in it. (2) Provision for any special burden to which those engaged in the industry may be liable, such as, undue fluctuations in work, sickness, etc., owing to the conditions of that industry—this in addition to any general provision which may be made by the state or otherwise. (3) Provision for superannuation—this in addition to any general provision which may be made by the State or otherwise. (4) Healthy conditions for all engaged in the industry. (5) Opportunities for development of personality, talents and self-expression." It is specified in a footnote that by "first charge" in the first sub-section is meant a first charge before any surplus is distributable to shareholders, State, or community.

Obviously a multitude of individual conversions will be necessary before such a statement of principles becomes the orthodox economic creed of the business world. But, with the New Testament open before him, a Christian man would be hard put to it to find anything in it to which he is not already committed by his profession of religious faith. These demands, however, as are yet so great a novelty that the society will have to carry out an earnest and extensive evangelistic campaign to secure their general acceptance. It has before it the further task of helping both its original members and its converts to apply these doctrines to the particular conditions of their own trades or professions. In this respect its meetings and conferences are likely to prove of great service. They are virtually opportunities for the pooling of experience and ideas. They are, so to speak, testimony meetings at which one speaker after another tells the story of his own attempts at bringing his economic creed to bear upon his daily life, and many valuable suggestions, both positive and negative, have already been elicited by these frank conversations.

As far as one can judge from attendance at meetings of the C. O. I. C. and from a study of its literature, the attitude of its membership is in the main conservative. There is no tinge of "red" about it. It is not revolutionary in the sense of aiming at cataclysmic destruction of the existing social or political order. It does not demand the nationalization of any public utility that is at present in private hands. It does not seek to abolish the capitalistic system, or to transfer the control of industry from employers to employed. The purpose of the movement, in the words of one of its publications, is "to work for the transformation of the present industrial order into a characteristically Christian order, with the Christian ethic inspiring and governing it from end to end." I that ethic, it is believed, will be found "a practica guide and solution for the industrial unrest and dis orders of the time."

* * *

## THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

### The Parable of the Hand Car and the Limite

WHEN I was a lad, I rode now and then upo the Hand Car with the Section Gan And the men of the Section Gang wer Wild Irishmen, who wore Red Shirts i Summer.

And as the days went by, the Irishmen went int Politicks, and their places were taken by men of Italy And these went into the Banking Business, or returne home to spend their Fortunes, and their places wer taken by men of Ethiopia.

But I have never forgotten the Hand Car, no the hard work of pumping to make it go; nor ye have I forgotten the lessons which I learned fro Pat Nagle and Dennis Calihan; and most that the taught me was good. For there is no man too wise t learn from men of humble station; and these wer among my teachers.

Now it came to pass about the space of ten day ago, that I rode upon a Fast Train, even the Limited And we halted for a Signal Block. And just where w halted, there was an Hand Car, drawn up beside th Track. And I spake unto the men who operated it

And I said, Where are the Pump Handles o Yester-Year?

And the men of Ethiopia spake unto me, saying This old Shebang runneth by Gasoline; for it is sufficie for us that we work upon the track and tamp in th Ties, and Bolt in the Rails, and it is up to the Com pany to see that we get to the job and back again.

And I beheld in them a spirit that was not in th men whom I knew in my boyhood; for since thei work at the pump handles came out of the time fo which they were paid, they should worry. But it i not so now. And I looked that there should have been a Gasoline Tamper and a Gasoline Bolter and a Gasoline Light for their Cigars.

But one of the men spake unto me, saying:

You-all kin ride all you-all pleases upon d Limited, but ef it hadn't been for de ole Hand Car, dere wouldn't be no Track for de Limited to travel on.

And I considered the matter, and I resolved never to despise the Hand Car. For the great things of this world need the constant help of the things that be humble; and none of us can get on without the others.

* * *

## GETTING UNDER THE SKIN

### The Rev. Nelson L. Lobdell

IF you scratch a Japanese you will find the savage underneath. His civilization is only skin-deep." I have often heard these words used as an excuse for not supporting Christian work among the Japanese. I have always replied, "The trouble with your judgment is that it is only *skin-deep.* To know a Japanese you should not merely scratch his skin; you should cut through to the flesh and bone in some of the deeper experiences of life t

see if he does not react according to Christian standards."

For example, a great fire swept Kanda, a district of Tokyo, a few years ago. When it was discovered that the fire originated in the Salvation Army quarters, one of the newspapers called upon Colonel Yamamura to make reparation for the disaster by committing suicide according to the old Japanese custom. He courteously replied that if he were convinced that his death would be of any benefit to the fire sufferers, he would gladly commit *hara kiri*, but that failing to be so convinced he was going to devote all his time and strength to saving the souls and bodies of the people of Kanda. Thus Colonel Yamamura reacted as a Christian rather than a pagan at this crisis in his life.

Another instance is that of the *sake* (rice-beer) brewer in the town of Mishima in Shizuoka Prefecture. He was led to see the truth of the Gospel so that he wished to be baptized, but the stern old Japanese preacher refused to receive him into the church until he promised to give up his nefarious business. It was a pretty severe test for any individual, but he stood it nobly, quit the *sake* business and furnished the church with pews made from his *sake* tubs. His Christianity was more than "skin-deep."

Then there is the case of the well known woman of a prominent family who had made a name for herself in the business world in Japan. When she became a Christian late in life she saw the need of putting into Christian propaganda the same energy that she had displayed in building up the fortunes of her family. She went all over the land as one of the speakers in a great evangelistic campaign proclaiming to thousands the Gospel message that meant so much to her. In spite of her age and her failing strength she was true to the Christian call of service. By this she showed that her Christianity was not a mere Western veneer, but rather a part of her very flesh and bone.

Yes, in spite of the miserable failure of those in Japan as well as those in this country who falsely call themselves Christians, I am convinced after fourteen years of residence among them that when one really gets under the skin of the true Japanese Christian he will find his Christianity rings just as true as ours.

* * *

## TEXAS CONVENTION

**W. H. Rollins**

The annual Convention at Elgin, June 30 to July 2, was one of the most successful ever held by Texas Universalists. Preconvention meetings, which furnished impetus in the right direction, began June 20 under the leadership of the Rev. C. R. Cook, assisted by the Rev. A. M. Shelton and the Rev. R. L. Brooks, Mr. R. H. Hooper acting as choir leader.

On the morning of June 30, when the Convention opened, the hearts of the regular attendants rejoiced to see so many of the time-tried workers to the front, and still more to note the presence of a large number of new faces. It was a sign of encouragement and growth. In spite of the fact that the past year has been a hard one for the majority of our members, reports indicated great progress and real accomplishment, much credit for which is due to the generous support of the Y. P. C. U., without whose backing the work could have been continued only with great difficulty and perhaps not at all.

The Rev. R. L. Brooks, in submitting his ninth annual report as State Superintendent, made it clear that, in spite of the handicaps imposed by the general financial depression, the year just closed had been the best in history. At Timpson and Orth, Texas, and at Mill Creek, Okla., new but promising fields, splendid meetings have been held. During the year he has distributed at meetings, by mail, and along his travels, more than four thousand tracts on Universalism, and written nearly a thousand personal letters in the interest of the faith. Traveling over three thousand miles, he has delivered 117 sermons and lectures, received sixty-seven members into the church, married six couples, and conducted five funeral services. At Cross Cut in Brown County, Judge J. D. Barker of Cisco has done some excellent work. Debating is his specialty, and he thereby reaches hearers who would never perhaps attend regular preaching services. Rev. A. M. Shelton of Timpson is the theological giant of east Texas, especially of Shelby County. Like David of old, single handed he has slain the Goliath of so-called orthodoxy in that section and made it a coming center of Universalism. Both Mr. Shelton and Mr. Cook have come to us from the fellowship of the Progressive Christian ministry. They are but examples of the many thinking men and women who, as soon as they hear the message of Universalism, are ready and eager to accept it. Thousands of people in Texas are out of fellowship with any church because our gospel has not reached them. Mr. Brooks, in concluding his report, expressed the hope that the Convention would lay out a program involving a drive for money sufficient to keep those ministers who are now active, in the field, and through them to increase the membership and efficiency of the Church.

As a unit the Convention voted in favor of Mr. Brooks' suggestion. The men and women present declared themselves done with the timidity of the past, when there was hesitation in asking even for one dollar a year from each member. They are now determined to give abundantly, to give until it hurts, and to call upon all others interested to do the same. During the next three years, under the leadership of Judge J. D. Barker, a campaign for $10,000 will be launched. Others on the committee are Mr. Brooks, Mr. Shelton and Miss Orena Barker, who will act as secretary. Ten thousand dollars is but a modest amount, barely enough to meet the needs as now foreseen, but we feel confident that new fields will open up and more money will come in as we need it. Judge Barker has agreed to give one third of a thousand dollars if two others will do likewise, and the secretary will follow his lead Mr. Brooks pledged himself to be one of ten to give $200, and two others have joined that group. Five promised $100 each, and in all $2,000 was pledged, a really significant beginning for the campaign.

Officers were elected as follows: President, J. D. Barker; vice-president, Rev. A. M. Shelton; secretary-treasurer, W. H. Rollins; superintendent, Rev. R. L. Brooks.

The presence of the Rev. Stanley Manning, who was ever helpful with his word of encouragement and counsel, was greatly appreciated. It was a wonderful privilege to have him with us.

On Saturday afternoon, July 2, the W. U. M. A. held a short session. Reports showed their organization very much alive. Through the Post Office Mission they have distributed 3,700 *Leaders*, 3,225 tracts, 140 *Myrtles*, 47 *Onwards*, and 26 *Heralds*. The old board of officers was re-elected, with the addition of Mrs. R. F. Taylor of Elgin as vice-president.

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## WHY SCHOOL TEACHERS GO CRAZY

Poise is the way a Dutchman says boys.

Equinox is a wild animal that lives in the Arctic.

King Arthur's Round Table was written by the author of Ten Knights in a Bar Room.

Copernicus invented the cornucopia.

Etiquette teaches us how to be polite without trying to remember to be.

In the stone age all the men were ossified.

The climax of a story is where it says it is to be continued.

A gulf is a dent in a continent.

Buttress is a butler's wife.

Conservation means doing without things we need.

If Ponce de Leon hadn't died before he found the fountain of youth, he wouldn't have died.—*Collected by the New York Evening Mail.*

# Home and Children

## FRIENDLY POETRY

**The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.**

### MY OWN

O, I must answer to a name
And live upon a certain street,
And stairs within a dingy house
Must bear the burden of my feet.

Still, when the night is dim and sweet,
In dreams I roam the silent hills
Where aisles of shadow, vague with light,
Are petaled soft with daffodils.

I foot it through the silver dark,
I shout aloud to field and tree
And all this gypsy heart of me
Is longing, longing to be free.

O, I must answer to a name
And live upon a certain street.
But who shall take my dreams from me
Or keep my life from being sweet?

*Harold Vinal.*

## THE MAGIC FLOWER

NIGHT reigns over the castle on the mountain crag. The sea is dark and calm, and the stars shine brightly. The young king leans upon the battlements and gazes at the silent stars with a troubled face. "What is the meaning of it all?" he asks.

Young King Armor had till that evening known naught else but his beloved castle on the top of the mountain, overhanging the sea, near to the stars. His only companion had been an old, old man, who had taught him above all else that all things were his brothers—the stars, the sea, the waving trees, the singing birds. And these were indeed his friends. The beasts of the forest let him stroke them, neither fearing nor feared, the birds came near and sang to him, the stars and hills and sea brought peace to his spirit. He had grown from a little child to a young man of twenty, always looking upward, and from the depth of his eyes shone his fearless, happy spirit.

It was that spirit, shining from his face, that had awed the courtiers into silence as he had been led forth that morning to be proclaimed king. "He is greater and stronger and more beautiful than any king has ever been," they said, as they rode before him into the city. But now his coronation day is over, and this question is in his heart as he looks at his friends, the stars.

What has this wonderful day brought to him? They had led him through the beautiful main streets of the city with its triumphal arches and flags; the ladies had smiled at him from the windows and thrown flowers at his feet; the courtiers had led him to a great banquet, where he was the gayest of the merry throng.

Yet something else had met his gaze as he had journeyed through the city. Beyond the bright array he saw the mean byways and alleys where miserabl men, women and children slunk away from the light c day, where rubbish lay in heaps in the street.

"Do not look at those things," his courtiers ha said.

"I would not, unless I could make them better, he answered.

"Do not look at the rabble; they are thieves an vagabonds," they cried, "and they will anger you."

"There is no time for anger," he replied.

For the young king knew, too, of the sloth an greed and evil among his rich courtiers. He knew c the intrigues to gain position and favor, the jealous and slander and spite.

When the ball was nearly over he had slippe away—"to see my people in the byways," he had sai And after that he had returned to his castle with thi new question in his heart. What will the answer be

There is a great stir in the city on the plain. "Th king is coming to proclaim a new law," say the peopl "It is about a blue flower."

They begin to fear. "He is going to poison u all," they say. "He is greater and stronger than a other kings, he can do more harm."

But boys, remembering his fearless eyes, call ou "There is no time for fear—there is no time."

At last the day arrives when the king himself i to come among his people to proclaim the new law In a green open space the people stand waiting. In voice that all can hear—even the crippled boy on th edge of the crowd—the king announces, "This is th new law, my people. To every one a packet of seed will be given. They are the seeds of a beautiful blu flower that a friendly bird brought from an emperor' garden. Each man, woman, and child must plan the seeds in garden, hedgerow, nook and cranny. Th mother with the tiny babe must guide its little han to drop in the seed. Rich and poor, old and youn all alike must do this, and on a certain day I will re turn to see the flowers in bloom."

Weeks pass. The land is astir with a new excite ment. The little green shoots begin to appear abov the ground. Each morning men, women and childre greet one another with happy smiles and inquire a to the blue flower's progress. Those with pale, thi faces, who before seemed afraid of the fresh breeze and sunshine, come out into the open. Fresh colo returns to their cheeks and happy light into their eye eyes. Idle men and women, who had never learne to work, now busy themselves in their gardens, tend ing the blue flowers. The streets must also be kep clean and tidy, and the heaps of rubbish disappea

"The king is returning!" comes the news at las They greet him with joy, and his face beams wit gladness as he looks round. From hedgerow, garde nook and cranny, peeps the radiant blue flowe Beauty and order and cleanliness reign now in the by ways. The people no longer slink away in fear, for new joy is present everywhere.

The tour is nearly over; when, turning, the kin stops in surprise. "What has happened here?" h asks. "A garden without a flower!"

The people look on in fear—when a little cripp

y comes tremblingly forward. He bursts forth be-
een sobs, "I was so eager to plant my seeds I opened
e packet at once, but the wind came and blew them
away; I did not know what to do, so I just watered
ner people's flowers and cleared away the rubbish."

The king looks kindly on him and says: "You
ve done best of all, for you have planted without
eds!" The people shout for joy and exclaim, "It
comes from the blue flower's magic!"

"The world is full of magic," says the king.
he most wonderful thing of all I learnt from my
others, the hills and sea and silent stars. It is this.
ant a beautiful thought and an ugly one can not
ow! That is the secret of the blue flower's magic!"
*The Friends' Intelligencer.*

* * *

## A POEM OR TWO

John Haynes Holmes is poet as well as editor, and the
lowing poem may perhaps be taken as the key-note of his
licy:

From time to time
I have laid my heart bare before you
And you did not like it.
So I must point out to you
It is *my* heart, not yours.

My wrongness, perhaps,
Is dearer to me
Than your rightness.

Yet you must not think
That when I disagree with you
I dislike you.
On the contrary:
I love you for having ideas of your own.
I know how you came to have those ideas,
And they are precious to you.

Whimsical and lovely is this little poem by Julia Hardy:

**Fantasy**

There's a tricky moon in the sky to-night,
And the world is doing a thousand things;

The trees lifting longing arms to light,
Sway to the song that the darkness sings.

The fireflies are loves which were never born,
The moon is more cruel than dead dreams—

I've tangled my hair in the white hawthorn,
And wounded my heart on a pointed tree!

Most of us have discarded our notion of a heaven as kingdom
which the streets were paved with gold and jasper. Here is
arence E. Flynn's interpretation of the world which an All-
ing Father holds in store for his children:

**The Making of Heaven**

God took the paths we longed in vain to go,
And built a golden street beside a river.
He took the gates Time closed to us below,
And built a portal that shall stand forever.

He took the longings that were vague and dim,
And hedged about with human limitation;
And built a world without a scar or rim
To be our everlasting habitation.

He took the bitter pangs that life has cost;
Transformed them into joy, and song, and wonder.
He took the treasured blessings we have lost,
And planted them beside the waters yonder.

He took our thoughts of hills, and woods, and streams;
And made them real, with added beauty given.
He took the shattered fragments of our dreams,
And built a city fair, and called it Heaven.

* * *

## THE JOY OF WORK

We seem as a nation to be suffering from a mania for play. The huge development of pleasure-chasing automobiles merely symbolizes our universal restless eagerness to be running after something, anything, that we can classify as diversion. Under pressure from tormenting constituents our legislatures are piling up holidays. And the cry of labor everywhere is, "Cut down hours; cut down hours," until it seems as if brief, tired minutes were all that would be left for work. The obvious deduction is that work is always something to be got rid of, as if it were a curse.

Yet work is life. Proper recreation and relaxation are of course essential, even for the effective doing of work itself; and it may be that the past has been sometimes neglectful of these in due proportion. But that does not mean that men would ever thrive if they had all holidays, or even mainly holidays. Experience has shown over and over again, proclaims, cries out to us, that if the ordinary healthy man has his whole existence made of leisure he does not know what to do with it and in the end rots out in degeneration and misery.

No, work is what we live for, and work makes all the dignity of life. But everything depends on how we look at work. If we consider it as merely something that must be done because it can not be avoided, something to be dodged and scamped and slighted the minute the employer is not looking, if we regard it as hateful drudgery and nothing else, it naturally becomes a curse and a burden.

Put thought into your work, put pride into it, put yourself into it. Your work is yourself, or ought to be. It is your creation, the expression and embodiment of all in you that is really worth standing room in the world. If your work is worth while, you are worth while. If not, not. If you take no joy in your work, neither man nor God will take any joy in you.

The fine old lines of George Herbert are still good to carry about with us:

Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
Makes that and th' action fine.

*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

## THEY'RE GROWING RARER

General Cornelius Vanderbilt, at a dinner on his yacht Romola, told a war story. "What was true of the Civil War will be true of the World War some day," he began. "In a hotel smoking-room back in the '90s a number of veterans got into a dispute over a certain battle. The veterans—all men of high rank—argued very turbulently. But a quiet man spoke up and said: 'Gentleman, I happened to be there at that engagement, and I think I can settle the point at issue.' And settle he did. The hotel proprietor, much impressed, said to him when he got through: 'My dear sir, what may have been your rank in the army?' 'I was a private, sir, a full private,' was the calm reply. A short time afterward the full private asked for his bill, as he was about to depart, but the proprietor said to him: 'Not a penny, sir! Not a penny! You owe me nothing.' 'Why, how is that?' the other demanded in bewilderment. 'I couldn't dream of charging you, sir,' said the proprietor warmly. 'You are the first private I have ever met.' "—*The Argonaut (San Francisco).*

# Some Worth-while Books

**Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House**

Lute and Furrow. By Olive Tilford Dargan. $1.75.

It takes a poet to see poetry in a furrow as well as in broidered rhyme—this is how she puts it in the opening poem:—

What is this sudden gaiety that shakes the gayest boughs?
A voice is calling fieldward, 'tis time to start the ploughs!
To set the furrows rolling while all the old crows nod,
And deep as life, the kernel; to cut the golden sod!
The pen, let nations have it,—we'll plough awhile for God.

And the publishers' description, which for once is "a gem of veracity," says, "The spirit of beauty, whether calling from the classics or from her mountain woods and streams, is equally alive to her sympathy and imagination."

Listen to the perfect simplicity of these lines in praise of a Texas primrose—Herrick seems not to be needed!

Your robe, though royal from old time
Ere rose and daffodil,
Must, for the want of broidered rhyme,
Kirtle a gypsy still.

So shyly glowing, meekly gay,
And so for music meet,
I wonder what would happen, say,
If I were Herrick, sweet.

Surely he'd smuggle you somehow
Into the Muses' ball,
And proud court flowers there should bow
To a new queen lineal.

With hint and smile he'd fix your sound
Unquestioned dynasty,
Sending the happy whisper round,
Beauty is pedigree.

Random Memories. By Ernest Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated. $4.00.

"This morning, between two and three o'clock, came into the village of Cambridge a little wandering musician, with a remarkable talent for imitating with his mouth the penny trumpet and the wooden dog." Thus, in 1845, did Longfellow record in his journal the entrance into the world of his son Ernest, whose passing from it was marked by the appearance of his book.

He modestly speaks of it as "jottings from a rather uncertain and treacherous memory;" but it is full of interest and amusement. We read, for instance, how Charles Sumner, convalescing from *mal-de-mer*, ate the beef gravy at dinner, thinking it soup, and suffered a relapse; how the wife of an English dean insisted that Longfellow was born in England; of life in old Boston and Cold Roast Boston and the stream of illustrious guests ever flowing through the poet's home; and stories of Dickens, Holmes, Lowell, Emerson, Felton, Norton, Mrs. Kemble, Ole Bull, Edwin Booth, and many others, told in intimate fashion.

The House of Mohun. By George Gibbs. Frontispiece. $2.00.

Margot Mohun, called Cherie, which becomes Cherry, is typical of the new girl. somewhat dazed by the freedom allowed her, living a life of ease and pleasure with a troop of admirers always at her heels. Her father is of the right sort, but immersed in business cares; her mother is more concerned with the numerous creams that keep her face youthful than with her daughter's future, and wishes Cherry to marry John Chichester, a man of wealth whose house Cherry calls a "sumptuous tomb" and whose reputation is not spotless.

Mr. Mohun's failure in business brings out the sturdy stuff of which his daughter is made and which has survived her bad bringing up. She sells the houses and the cars, dismisses the servants, goes pluckily to work, is a great comfort to her father, and marries a fine man whose ancestor was colonial governor when the first John Chichester was peddling tobacco.

Little People of the Garden. Ruth O. Dyer. Price $1.50.

To punish him for his cruelty to small creatures, Jasper's father and mother leave him for the day locked in the library. The fairies, however, devising a still better method, turn the little boy into a "Jasper" bug and make him live in the garden until he has learned his lesson. There he becomes acquainted with Miss Apis, the bee, and her first cousin, Miss Formica, the ant. Then, in order, he meets the earthworm, the walls of whose house are plastered with glue from her own body; Mrs. Fly, the mother of a million babies; Mr. Rana, the frog, Mrs. Spider, Papilio Troilus, the caterpillar, Miss Butterfly; and, last of all, his old and bitter enemy, the mosquito. Scientifically accurate, this little book will give the children a delightful introduction into the land of insect-lore.

Bennett Malin. By Elsie Singmaster. $2.00.

Bennett Malin is so handsome that artists turn to look at him—but he is an egotist and a prig of prigs!

The Malins for generations have been possessed of a desire to write; so when an uncle dies and leaves Bennett a house in Brattle Street, Cambridge, and a modest income, his studies for the ministry are abandoned. He marries Naomi Blessing and establishes himself in Cambridge, modestly hitching his wagon above two stars—Dickens and Thackeray, in both of whom he has detected faults!

The manuscripts come back like homing pigeons, and in one he finds the carelessly overlooked report of a reader, whose verdict so enrages him that he publishes his next book "on his own," but that, too, is a failure.

At last the family passion flowers in his son Arthur, who writes with ease and success; and Bennett for the first time sees life, and his own life, normally and begins to live.

Seizer of Eagles. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated. $1.75.

Little Ottar is ambitious to become a seizer of eagles, but as he is only in his eighteenth summer and has not yet endured the sacred fast the chiefs will not allow him to go out with a war party.

His mother takes him back to her own tribe, and there he has a wonderful vision, kills a bear, then an enemy and takes an enemy horse; so even his grandmother, who is usually "cross for his own good," calls him a chief's son and her avenger, and Red Wings acclaims him "my young warrior." And at last his ambition is realized, for he seizes several eagles and is given a new name, Old Sun.

"So began full life for me, winters and winters of happy wanderings with the Pikuni, success in the hunt and in war upon our enemies."

Books and Characters. By Lytton Strachey. $3.50.

Mr. Strachey, having portrayed Queen Victoria, even to the German bee in her dowdy bonnet, turns his attention to Racine, Sir Thomas Browne, Shakespeare's Final Period, The Lives of the Poets, Madame du Deffand, Voltaire and England, Voltarie's Tragedies, Voltaire and Frederick the Great, the Last Elizabethan, Henri Beyle, Lady Hester Stanhope, and Mr. Creevy—an interesting collection of essays to which is added a Dialogue, now first printed from a manuscript supposed to be in Voltaire's handwriting.

The Covered Wagon. By Emerson Hough.

Again we voyage across the continent in a prairie schooner, with a pretty girl, Molly Wingate, sitting on the driver's seat, the gathered top encircling her like a halo.

Jesse Wingate was elected captain at the start, but proves unequal to the responsibilities. The train of six hundred wagons dwindles and divides, some of the intending settlers in Oregon faint-heartedly returning and others deciding to try their fortunes in California, where gold has just been found.

Kit Karson, Jim Bridger and other Western notables appear, and Molly has rival lovers, both officers in the Mexican War,—Sam Woodhill, to whom all is fair in love and war, and Will Banion, over whose name hangs the cloud of falsifying army accounts which is later lifted.

The story is interesting, and through it blows the clean, bracing air of the Rockies.

# The W. N. M. A.

**Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.**

### ROUND THE CLOCK AT NORTHFIELD

It was a strenuous week. From the ne of the rising bell in the morning to the ning out of lights at night, every hour every day was full. Yet no one thought being tired, or if she did she kept it dly to herself!

If only each one of the fifty-seven Uni-salist women and girls who attended ght tell her own impression of this great nference of Foreign Missionary So-ties, it would be inspiring reading.

One is impressed, first of all, by the mbers. Looking across the campus y morning as classes are assembling or riods changing, one thinks of a great arm of bees, for people are moving in ery direction, as far as the eye can see.

The atmosphere of the place itself nveys its impression. There is a wonder-l spirit at Northfield which is felt in ery gathering. If suddenly set in their idst, with no knowledge of the nature of e meeting, one would know at once that ese women were working with God for e advancement of His Kingdom.

Of the total registration of 1,164, over ven hundred were girls and young women the nine denominational camps. Al-ough a new experience for many, the parent ease with which each one adapts rself to camp life in a tent with three hers—oftimes total strangers—is sur-ising.

Then comes the task of finding her ace in the Conference itself and here ain one can't help but commend the adiness of these young women to adjust-g themselves to the day's program.

In one of the dining rooms where three mps assembled as many times a day, ere was scarcely a moment, from the ginning of the meal to its close, that one the groups was not giving musical nt to its feelings. Cheers and songs—any of them made up on the spur of the oment and referring to some past or ture event—followed each other in pid succession.

Each day began with the singing of the llowing words to the tune of an ertswhile pular song:

"Good morning, everybody here,
We're glad to see you up on time!
Good morning, everybody here,
Don't you think this weather fine?
Breakfast first and then to class,
Something doing from first to last.
Good morning everybody here,
We are glad to see you up on,
Glad to see you up on,
Glad to see you up on time!"

In the sunshine or rain the reference to e state of the weather remained the same d this is another characteristic of North-ld. Some way one's sense of values changes there—first things become first, and a rainy day or two doesn't assume the alarming proportion that it might elsewhere.

Coming to the real program of the week, it is difficult to select the out-standing features. In a Conference that deals with the whole world and considers the great family of mankind in every corner of the globe, who shall say which part was most important?

The opening session, Wednesday evening, July 12, gave us a glimpse of the young womanhood of India, China and Japan. To many who know and love Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, as the chairman who for so many years presided at these meetings, it was a great joy to have her present again.

Union Christian College for Women in the Orient was the subject, and as chairman of the committee, which at the present time is raising $2,000,000 for this purpose, Mrs. Peabody told of the result of the work to date. Already one half the amount has been pledged and to this the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund has added $500,000, in agreement with its pledges to increase every gift fifty per cent.

Instead of the stereopticon slides which the original program called for, Mrs. Peabody announced that real "moving pictures" would be used to illustrate the work of these institutions. These were six Oriental young women, some of whom were graduates of the colleges for which they spoke. Their appeal for greater educational facilities for the millions of women whom they represent was a wonderful challenge to the women of Christian America.

Briefly their message was this: "No nation can rise higher than its women, nor can a democracy exist with an illiterate, enslaved womanhood. The desperate need of these Eastern women can only be met by trained Christian leaders of their of their own nationalities. We are praying for a new international spirit. Shall we not *practise* it?"

*(To be continued.)*

# Sunday School Search Lights

**The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.**

When I came out from Night School last evening I paused at the gate to watch the stream of boys pouring forth. There were nearly two hundred of them, some afoot and some on bicycles. I thought of the many tasks that claimed their attention and their strength during the day; for many of them do hard manual labor from early morning, and yet so eager are they for education that they are willing at the close of a long day to give three hours of their precious free time for this purpose. And my heart sang a little song of thanksgiving that we are able to thus minister unto these needy ones. Can there be any finer missionary work?

*Hazel I. Kirk.*

* *

### MUNCIE PRINTS

Perhaps we have no school that makes larger or wiser use of the "black missionary" than the one at Muncie, Ind. It advertises persistently in the newspapers and through the mails. Results? The school grows. The belief in the value of organized publicity also grows.

* *

### A GOOD COLLECTION OF PRAYERS

Inuqiries have come to the General Sunday School Association office about prayers for young people. There is a good collection of prayers, called "A Book of Prayers," edited by Rev. Livingston L. Taylor, D. D., price 5 cents. There are seventy-nine prayers gathered from many sources and an index of subjects and suggestions about occasions to which different prayers are adapted. Those desiring an inexpensive collection of prayers for use with a Sunday school class, or in a Y. P. C. U., or a Mission Circle will find this little book very useful. It would make a good gift for boys and girls just forming the habit of daily prayer. The book may be purchased from the Congregational Commission on Evangelism and Devotional Life, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City.

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### PICTURES IN THE SUNDAY SCOOL

Grace Church at Lowell, Mass., is adding attractive and artistic pictures to the equipment of its Sunday school rooms. Of course. They help to teach.

* *

### EXTRA PICTURES OF MISS KIRK

We supplied one picture of Miss Kirk and Miss Bridges for each Sunday school class. Some schools have asked for more; and we are glad to announce that we have a considerable surplus and are prepared to send one for each *pupil* to schools making early application.

* *

### FAITHFUL UNTIL DEATH

We have a little box containing one hundred and twenty-five pennies, saved by Mrs. Esmeralda Maxwell of Abington, Mass., and contributed by her for the orphans of Armenia. She was a dear lady, seventy years of age, and her sacrifice for the sufferers far away was the final act in a Christian life. The day after she delivered the pennies to her minister, she was released from earthly pain and weakness.

# Young People's Christian Union

### THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

Aug. 6. Morning, Nottingham, N. H.
Aug. 18. Plymouth, Mass.
Aug. 29-Sept. 4. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Murray Grove, N. J.
Sept. 5. Vermont Y. P. C. U. Convention, Springfield.
Sept. 11-16. Y. P. C. U. and Sunday School Institute, Chicago.

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### THE CONVENTION

The story of the Worcester Convention is being told by the Associate Editor of the *Leader*, and the more complete account of the business, devotional and inspirational meetings will appear in *Onward*. There are a few aspects of the Convention that deserve special mention, because they are significant not only in themselves, but for the future of the church.

#### Attending to Business

There was some fear on the part of a few that when the Y. P. C. U. Convention was held in a city church after the seclusion of Ferry Beach and Murray Grove, many of the delegates would absent themselves from the sessions to visit points of interest and recreation. These fears were not justified at Chicago last year, but there were some who said, "Oh, St. Paul's church is a long way from the center of the city, but wait till you meet in a downtown church like that in Worcester." We met, and the attendance at the business sessions of the convention was very large. Not only were the delegates there in their places, but other Unioners who were only visitors were just as faithful.

For the denominational life this means that we are training a generation of Universalists who will not only go to conventions, but who will attend to business while there.

#### The Recommendations Committee

The Committee on Official Reports and Recommendations always has a difficult task if the convention is of any size or importance. I want to bear my personal testimony to the faithful and conscientious work which this committee did. They worked early and late, or better perhaps, late and early, and they put into the task careful thought and effort.

A committee of young people, for this committee was not made up of older members of the convention assigned to the task of planning the young people's work for them, who will spend the time which this committee did, and will plan a year's work so well, not only deserves the thanks of the convention which it serves, and of the whole Y. P. C. U., but that of the church as well, for it has given itself to a part of the church's work that is of exceptional importance. The business of a session of the Universalist General Convention would not be badly done by this same committee. For the honor that is due them, and that the Church may know on whom to call for responsible service, their names are listed here:

Rev. Ellsworth Reamon, Minneapolis, chairman; Miss Ethel M. Freeman, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Robert M. Rice, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Irving V. D. Foote, Washington, D. C.; Mr. Rolland T. Ball, Woodsville, N. H.; Mr. Donald N. Sleeper, Medford Hillside, Mass.; Mr. Charles Hicks, Pasadena, Cal.; Miss Dorothy Gray, Augusta, Maine; Mr. Alfred Karlen, Chicago, Ill.

#### Pledges

The effect of years of education was shown in the pledges made during the convention. Most of these were received on Friday morning, with Ex-president Samuel T. Cushing in charge. Still others were received at the banquet on Saturday evening, and a few more were added, without any public appeal, on Sunday. The total received was well over $4,500. When it is taken into consideration that these pledges were made by young people, many of them earning little or no money of their own, and practically none of them receiving sizable incomes, the total amount is remarkable. There was no individual pledge of over $25, and only two or three o these. Some of the state Unions mad good-sized pledges, some of them ver large in proportion to their membership and some of the local Unions were wonder fully generous. But the fact that a larg part of this amount was made up of pledge in sums of from one to ten dollars mean that a very large number of members o the Union are learning, or have already learned, to give to the work of Christ an his church.

Some of us remember the enthusiasm aroused at the Portland Convention in 1902 when pledges were called for in this way, and from a gathering of much large size, in which there was a larger proportio of older people with incomes of their own a little over a thousand dollars was raised.

That was the beginning; the Union was just entering the kindergarten. Now it has learned how, and because of the money raised at Worcester, and more that will come from Unions not represented there, the church is receiving into its ranks young men and women who will not be afraid of a twenty thousand dollar budget for Japan, or a great denominational financial campaign that will call for much larger amounts.

*Stanley Manning,*
*Director of Young People's Work.*
*Boston, July 31.*

# For the Quiet Hour

Far upon sternest Alpine crests,
Where winds of tempest blow,
They say that, all unfearing, rests
A flower upon the snow—
A tiny flower, pale and sweet,
That blooms o'er breath of ice;
And glad are they, on any day,
Who find the edelweiss.

Ah, far on heights of sorrow cold,
Where tears are dropping slow,
Some hearts have found, and, finding, told
How fair a flower may grow.
With petals pale, but perfume rare,
It garlands days of ice;
And blessed are they who, weeping, pray,
And find life's edelweiss.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

My soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.

*Sydney Lanier.*

Religion is a native, natural, normal functioning of the human soul. Under proper nurture and guidance every child would leap to religion with spontaneity and joy, as he rises to the other great functions of his being when they come in process with the unfolding of his life.

*Rufus M. Jones.*

The first lesson for a young man who faces the world with his career in his own hands is that he must be willing to do without. The question for him at the start and ever after must not simply be what he wants to get, but what he is willing to lose. "Whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it," is the profoundest lesson in Christian philosophy.

*Charles Evans Hughes.*

To get hold of a thing that is big enough to get hold of us is magnificent.

*William A. Quayle.*

Just as you now play a piece without the music and do not think what notes you strike, though once you picked them out by slow and patient toil, so if you begin of set purpose, you will learn the law of kindness in utterance so perfectly that it will be second nature to you, and make more music in your life than all the songs the sweetest voice has ever sung.

*Frances E. Willard.*

And as we climb the stair
Of rough and ugly fortune, by the props
Of faith and charity, and hope and prayer,
To the serene and beauteous mountain tops
Of our best human possibility,
Where haunts the spirit of eternity,
The world below looks fair—
Its seeming inequalities subdued,
And level, all, to purposes of good.

*Alice Cary.*

# Among Our Churches

## New York City Letter

The First Universalist Society in Brooklyn, Church of Our Father, is eighty years old; the cornerstone of the present edifice was laid forty years ago, and the present pastor- has reached its twentieth year. The eliest record of Universalist preaching in ooklyn dates from January 1830, when v. Mr. Fiske of New York City first eached there. Two years later that rious soldier of the faith, Dr. T. J. Saw- r, preached in the village of Brooklyn. society was formed, but the effort was inquished in 1833. In 1842 the present ciety was organized and the first service ld on April 3. In August the first pastor, gentle soul of Quaker stock, Rev. Abel C. nomas, began his work. Services were ld in an old church which had been nted. Increase in interest and attend- ice, however, soon made necessary a new ilding. Upon a lot of land, located at e corner of Fulton and Pineapple Streets, ie new edifice was erected and dedicated n June 22, 1843. The following October a nday school was organized. "The meet- g house" had stores in the basement. he first pastorate was two years and ree months in length, and at its close Ir. Thomas testified that he never had seen the blessedness and blessing of nity more thoroughly exemplified." Rev. homas Baldwin Thayer, D. D., second astor, was settled in the early part of 845 and for six years was one of the be- oved ministers of Brooklyn. On Satur- ay, Sept. 9, 1848, the church building vas destroyed in a conflagration that uined several blocks. A new church was uilt upon Monroe Place and Clark Street, edicated July 2, 1850. The first church vas known as the "Brooklyn Tabernacle;" he second was called "The Church of the Restoration." The third pastor was Rev. H. R. Nye, D. D., who remained until January 1, 1857. In February 1857 came he Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D., a man f ripe scholarship and oratorical power. His able and compelling sermons during he Civil War were remembered for years fter the conflict had ended. In November 868, the property on Monroe Place was deeded to the "New Church Society" for 40,000; Dr. Blanchard resigned his pas- orate to take effect Jan. 1, 1869, and the Society moved "up town." Some years previous an off-spring society of the First Church had been organized, worshiping in a church edifice on Greene Avenue, near Adelphi Street. It was deemed wise to unite the two societies, which was done, and n 1869, the learned and genial Dr. Edwin C. Bolles came from Portland, Me., to minister to the united church. In July 1869 it was voted to purchase lots on Vanderbilt and Clermont Avenues, at a cost not exceeding $20,000, and to build a Chapel on Clermont Avenue to seat 700 or 800 people. The new edifice was occupied June 19, 1870. Dr. Bolles terminated his pastorate in June, 1871. On the first of January, 1872, Dr. Nye commenced his second pastorate, and it was in this decade that the Society lost its property, "owning nothing and owing nothing." Faulty judgment and worse business practises caused the disaster. Dr. Nye concluded his work in January, 1880. A period of wandering then became a part of the history of the First Society. In the early part of 1881 came the Rev. A. J. Canfield, D. D., under whose brilliant preaching, and the guidance of successful business men, the present fine building was erected. Upon his departure to Chicago in 1890, Dr. Canfield was able to record that three years previous the entire debt of the Society had been paid. The property is valued at $100,000. Dr. Canfield was a man of warm-hearted geniality, and recognized as one of Brooklyn's strong preachers. In 1891, Dr. C. Ellwood Nash, a human dynamo, a great organizer and preacher, and a devoted churchman became minister. Dr. Nash was chosen President of Lombard in 1895, making the pastorate again vacant. Rev. Lewis E. Pease, with zeal and earnest enthusiasm, served for nearly three years. Then came back the builder of the church, Dr. Canfield, for a brief pastorate, preceding his final work at All Souls, in Worcester, Mass. The present pastorate began in March, 1903.

*Thomas Edward Potterton.*

## Church News and Interests

### DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

July 15-Sept. 5. Universalist Summer Gatherings, Murray Grove, N. J.

July 28-Aug. 7. Southern Universalist Young People's Institute, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Aug. 7-13. Missionary Institute at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 12-13. National Universalist Comrades Days, Ferry Beach Park, Me.

Aug. 13-27. Vacation period at Ferry Beach.

Aug. 17. Annual Meeting, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18. Fair, Murray Grove.

Aug. 18, 19, 20. Universalist Institute and Reunion with Field Day, Plymouth, Mass.

Aug. 22-26. W. N. M. A. Institute, Murray Grove.

Aug. 29-Sept. 4. G. S. S. A., Y. P. C. U. Institutes, Murray Grove.

Sept. 4-7. Vermont and Province of Quebec Convention, Springfield, Vt.

Sept. 21-24. North Carolina Convention, Outlaw's Bridge.

Oct. 11, 12. Minnesota State Convention, Rochester.

Oct. 19-22. Kentucky Convention.

**Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.**

### CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

| | |
|---|---|
| Previously reported | 1,672 |
| Manchester, Ind. | 2 |
| Milan, Ind. | 2 |
| Total | 1,676 |

### CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 699. Manchester, Ind., 1. Portland, All Souls, Me., 9. Total, 709.

#### Georgia

Atlanta.—Rev. G. I. Keirn, D. D., pastor. On June 30, one of those beautiful and comfortable moonlight evenings which only those who know the Southland can appreciate, the members of the Men's Club were the guests of Mr. H. C. Blake at a dinner given at his residence. Tables were spread under the trees on the lawn, electric lights supplementing the light of the moon. Dr. Theodore Toepel, the president of the club, introduced as toastmaster, Rev. John W. Rowlett, who, in his opening remarks, congratulated the church upon the complete and successful union which it had brought about between Unitarians and Universalists. "While others have talked about such a union," he pointed out, "you have accomplished it. It is no small thing, but a tremendously great thing, which you have done." He then introduced as the first speaker of the evening Judge John D. Humphries of the Superior Court of Georgia, to whose address on "Law and Order" the men listened with greatest interest. Other speakers were Mr. Wade P. Harding, who spoke upon "Pastors I Have Known, Past and Present;" T. C. Perkins, who spoke on "Good Fellowship," J. V. Hollongsworth, whose subject was "Tribulations of a Church Treasurer;" Dr. Theodore Toepel, whose subject was "The Benefit of the Club to the Church;" and Dr. Keirn who expressed "The Pastor's Gratitude to His Men." The host of the evening added a kindly word, extending an invitation for the men to come again at the end of another year, and thus closed the best year in the history of both the club and the church.

#### Indiana

Logansport.—The eighty-seventh birthday anniversary of Mrs. Florilla Taylor was celebrated on July 21, with a party

given by the Ladies' Aid Society at the home of Mrs. Henry Whitmyer. Mrs. Taylor has been a member of this church for over a half a century and never misses a service except in the case of illness. With a remarkable faculty for making friends, she is loved by young and old. Her hobby is letter-writing; every day she writes one letter, and her correspondents extend from Maine to California. Many were the birthday greetings that she received. For many years she has been a reader of *The Leader*, always saving her copy for some one else to read. Her bright spirit of optimism, cheerfulness, kindness and charity have stamped her as a true Universalist in our community.

Milan.—Rev. Pearl M. Mock, pastor. Two members recently united with the church. Though the parish is small, it meets promptly all its bills. Interest is good. Recently we lost by death a faithful worker, Mrs. F. J. Toole.

Manchester.—Rev. Pearl M. Mock, pastor. Interest continues excellent in this parish. Two members were recently received into the church and one child was christened. The building is being newly painted. The Rogers Association will meet here Aug. 18-20.

### Maine

Portland, All Souls.—Rev. Alfred S. Cole, pastor. Nine children were christened Sunday, July 2. On July 9 the church closed for the vacation period, when a Communion service was held. Services will be resumed the second Sunday in September. On July 11 the Ladies' Circle held a cafeteria supper on the church lawn, and are planning for a similar event in August.

### Massachusetts

Melrose.—Rev. L. L. Lewis, pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Lewis are spending their vacation at Center Barnstead, N. H. Mr. Lewis will be in Melrose over Sunday, Aug. 6, when the church will be open for a morning service.

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## VISITORS

Recent visitors at Denominational Headquarters *en route* from Worcester to Ferry Beach included Rev. F. B. Bishop and Mrs. T. R. Miller and son, David Miller, of Alabama; Rev. R. U. Dix and Mrs. R. D. McCready of Cleveland; Rev. George C. Baner and Robert Rice of Akron, Ohio; Rev. William and Truman Jones of Stockton, Ill.; Rev. Helene Ulrich, New York City; Rev. Almira Cheney, Columbus; Judge Galer and Rev. Laura B. Galer of Iowa; Rev. Herbert F. Moulton, Fort Plain, N. Y.; Rev. Lucy Markley, Chicago; Rev. Harry A. Hersey and Theodore Hersey, Muncie, Ind.; Rev. John Ratcliff, Rockland, Me.; Rev. and Mrs. John E. Price, Mrs. Arthur Nash and Grace Nash, Cincinnati; Rev. Klaas Oosterhius, Whitesville, N. Y.; C. E. Hicks, Pasadena, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Taylor and Miss L. Gorton, Chicago; Ruth Owens of Ohio; Myrtle Longland and Dorothy and Irene Bruner, of Ruthven, Ont.; Clifford Zahn and William Settgas of Brooklyn, N. Y.

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## A CLASSIC EXPERIENCE

Touring the state of New York, the representatives of the Murray Lectureship either visited or passed through or near the following towns: Scipio, Cicero, Homer, Cato, Pompey, Fabius, Tully, Virgil, Camillus, Marcellus, Rome, Utica, Attica, Ithaca, Syracuse. As Dr. Walker, state superintendent, said, years ago somebody in the state of New York had classic indigestion and sprinkled the state with these names.

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# Notices

## VERMONT AND QUEBEC UNIVERSALIST CONVENTIONS

The annual sessions of the Vermont and Quebec Convention and of its auxiliary associations will be held in Springfield, Vt., Sept. 4-7.

### Invitation

The Universalist Society of Springfield extends a cordial invitation to the Universalists of Vermont and the Province of Quebec to attend the Annual Conventions from Sept. 4-7. Delegates and friends will be entertained in Springfield homes for lodgings and breakfasts. Dinners and suppers will be served by ladies of the Society at the usual prices. To secure advance accommodations, send name, date and time of arrival to Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

*George H. Welch, Pastor.*
*George A. Perry, Chairman.*

### Y. P. C. U. Convention

Monday, Sept. 4, 2. p m. Song service. 2.30. Call to order, President E. B. Smith presiding. Address of welcome. President's response and annual address. Appointment of sessional committees 3.45. Institutes. 6. Annual Banquet. (75 cents a plate.) 7.30. Song service. 7.45 Business session. Reports. 8.30. Keynote address, Rev. George H. Welch, Springfield, Vt.

Tuesday, Sept. 6, 5 a. m. Sunrise service. Leader, Clifford Hunting, Huntingville, P. Q. 8.15. Song service. 10. Address, Rev. Stanley Manning. Unfinished business. Election of officers. 11. Adjournment. Picnic dinner.

### Vermont and Quebec W. U. M. S

Tuesday, 2 p. m. Opening service. Call to order Appointment of sessional committees. Reports of officers. Reports of departmental chairmen. President's annual address, Mrs. George F. Fortier, Morrisville. Address, Miss Susan M. Bishop, representing the W. N. M. A. Business. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. Adjournment.

### Vermont and Quebec Convention

Tuesday, 7 p. m. General mass meeting. Addresses of welcome. Response and annual address, George C. Felch, St. Johnsbury. Appointment of sessional committees. Address, Miss Susan Bishop. Address, Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D. Offering for the work of the Women's Missionary Association.

Wednesday, Sept. 6, 8.30 a. m. Business. Reports of Convention officers and committees. 10.30. Denominational interests as represented. 11. Occasional sermon, Rev. E. P. Wood, Brattleboro. Annual Communion service at the Convention Church, Rev. George F. Fortier, pastor of Convention Church at the Table, the deacons of the Springfield Church and of the Convention Church, in service. 2 p. m. Continuation of Business Session. Reports of sessional committees. Election of officers. 3 p. m. Special appointment. Address, Rev. H. Sumner Mitchell, Burlington, Vt., representing the Unitarian Church in Vermont. 7. Mass meeting. Devotional service, Rev. W. H. Skeels, Barre, Vt. Address, Rev. George D. Walker, D. D., Cartha N. Y., superintendent of New York churches. A dress, Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D. Annu offering.

### Vermont and Quebec Sunday School Associati

8.30. a m. Call to order. Vice-president, M Leon I. Leader, presiding. Business. Institute charge of Dr. Huntley. Election of officers. A journment.

* *

## MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

The Fellowship Committee of the Maine U versalist Convention has accepted the transfer Rev. H. D. Maxwell of Monmouth and Rev. M. Ward of Guilford, both from Massachusetts.

*Allen Brown, Secretary*

* *

## SECOND ANNUAL COMRADES' DAY

### Ferry Beach, Aug. 12 and 13

Aug. 12, 10 a. m. Symposium. Ten minute ta by each speaker. "Comrades' Organization, What Is and Why," Ralph W. E. Hunt, Maine. "L Preaching and Laymen's Sunday," Robert L. Whi comb, Maine. "Comrades and the Sunday School E. Randolph Commee, Maine. "Providence 1923 E. S. Burlingham, Rhode Island.

6 p. m. Song Fest on the Beach or in the Grov 7. Comrades Banquet in the dining hall. Toas master, E. Randolph Commee. "A Little Misce laneous Chatter," Hon. Olin H. Chase, New Hamp shire. "Masters of the Situation," Rev. Roderick Mooney, D. D., Maine. "The Gospel of the Gla Hand," Robert L. Whitcomb, Maine.

Aug. 13, 6 a. m. Sunlight Service (in the Grove Ralph W. E. Hunt. 10.30 Devotional Exercise Fred C. Carr, Rhode Island. "A Man's Place i the Sunday School," Carl Hempel, Massachusett "The Present Need of a Universalist Church," Re Frank Oliver Hall, D. D., Massachusetts.

7.30 p. m. Devotional Exercises, William H Thomson, Massachusetts. "Comrades of the Chris Crusade," Ralph W. E. Hunt, Maine. "The Risin Tide of Service," Rev. Richard McLaughlin, Massa chusetts.

* *

## SUMMER SERVICES

Sunday services will be held during the month of July and August in Greater Boston Universalis Churches as follows:

August 13, 20, 27. Waltham, 10.30 a. m.

*George E. Leighton, Superintendent.*

* *

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## Crackling

**The Poor Fish**

Strong language mars a poet's lays,
Yet I must say pooh-pooh and pish
To him who coined that senseless phrase
"Poor Fish."

"Poor fish," indeed. What happier lot
For harried mortal could there be—
To tenant some sub-aqueous grot
Rent free!

Where bill collectors can not pass;
Where weather forecasts never change;
"Continued wet" foretelling all
Their range.

"Poor fish!" He snaps his fins at dress,
Gold jackets, sacks and swallow tails;
Nor stays in bed the while they press
His scales.

Rich fish! While envying his days,
So blessed with all the heart could wish,
I dub the maker of the phrase
Poor fish.

*Toronto Weekly Star.*

* *

We have not yet seen the list of prescribed courses for Professor Baker's classes in dramatic work at Cambridge next season. We should suggest that there be thorough drilling in the marriage and divorce records of prominent actors and actresses, as a test of memory, and a means of obtaining material for agreeable conversaton at afternoon teas or at dinner parties. The divorces of any one actor or actress should be named in chronological order on the examination paper. We are reminded of the necessity of this course by reading in the newspapers about Mr. De Wolf Hopper. How many of the *Herald* readers can name accurately the procession of the late Nat Goodwin's wives?—*Boston Herald.*

* *

The family was seated at dinner, and the conversation turned to school lessons, much to the disgust of Cynthia.

"What period in English history are you doing?" inquired her father.

"The Stuarts," replied Cynthia, timidly; after which an ominous pause suggested that father was thinking of a question upon a period of history about which her facts were dim and hazy.

"What was the first thing James I did when he came to the throne?" he asked, at length.

"Sat on it, I suppose," replied Cynthia with calm conviction.—*Continent.*

* *

Light travels inconceivably fast until it encounters a human mind.—*Wall Street Journal.*

* *

The *Literary Digest* says that books have a curative power. Yes; there are some which cure insomnia.—*Washington Post.*


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